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The YOUTH'S COMPANION



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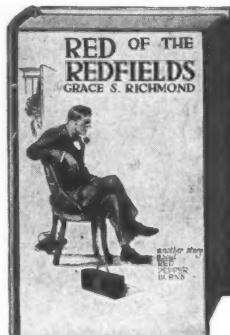
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THE PICTURE ON THE COVER

"RUNNING FREE!" What a joyous phrase! There is in it all the exhilaration of the salt sea and the salt wind; the sea sparkles gayly under the summer sun, the wind rushes cheerily out of the bright, blue west; between them they will wash all the darkness and discouragement out of your thoughts and blow all the worries out of your brain. The picture on the cover is full of the hearty, healthy flavor of the sea. Lucky boys and girls to have such a neat little knockabout in which to spend their vacation hours.

INTERNAL INJURIES

In a newspaper account of an accident you often read that the victim is suffering from internal injuries. That means, almost always, an injury to one or more of the abdominal organs. The abdomen is not protected, like the chest, by a bony cage; it is therefore extremely vulnerable, and the organs contained within it are so important that an injury to any of them may have the most serious consequences. The injury may follow a blow from or a fall against some blunt object that does not break the skin, or it may be a wound caused by a knife, by broken glass or by a bullet.

The term internal injury, however, is generally used to describe the consequences of a blow, without penetration of the skin. Such a blow, even when it leaves little or no external evidence of injury, may do more damage than a widely gaping wound. The danger lies in the apparent insignificance of the injury, for, since there is no visible wound, the sufferer is reassured and fails to seek medical advice at the proper time.

The fact is that the intestines, the stomach, or more often the liver, may be torn by the force of the blow, though the skin and the muscles of the abdominal wall, giving way before the impact, are only bruised. Any hard blow on the abdomen, even though neither the wall nor the contained organs are ruptured, usually produces a marked shock. There will be pallor and coldness of the skin; the patient feels faint and suffers from mental and physical depression. If that is the case, and the doctor is not at hand, put the sufferer to bed, place hot-water bottles at his feet and stimulate his heart by a mustard plaster or some such counterirritant on the chest.

If he is conscious and can swallow, he should have strong black coffee to drink, or he may, very cautiously, inhale spirits of ammonia. As shock is attended by congestion of the abdomen, raise the foot of the bed a little so that the force of gravity may help to send the blood to the upper part of the body, while the hot-water bottles and the warmth of the bed serve to bring it to the surface and the extremities.

THE CITY OF DAVID

The site of the ancient "city of David" has been found. Prof. R. A. S. Macalister, the leader of the joint expedition to the Holy Land sent out by the Palestine Exploration Fund and the London Daily Telegraph, contributes to that newspaper an account of the discovery and identification of Millo, near Jerusalem, to which repeated references are made in the Old Testament.

One of the references is in Second Samuel, where we are told that David, after having occupied the stronghold of Zion, "built round about, from Millo and inward." In the First Book of the Kings, however, we are told specifically that it was Solomon who built Millo, and in the twenty-seventh verse of the eleventh chapter the statement is made:

"Solomon built Millo and repaired the breaches of the city of David his father."

Professor Macalister indicates the almost precise correspondence of the literary material with the archaeological evidence still in the ground. "We should find a fortress built, to fill a breach in the wall, and we have found it. That tower should show signs of a later repair under stress of imminent danger, and it does. There should be a fortification wall built 'inward' from the tower, and there is. There should be no conspicuous fortification here earlier than the time of Solomon, and there is not. Absolutely everything that we know about Millo—except the murder of Joash, which could hardly be expected to leave recognizable traces—is reflected in the structures which have now passed under the reader's eye. In the absence of inscriptions, none of which have come to light, I venture to say that these coincidences constitute the strongest possible argument in favor of the claim that Millo has been discovered, and a hitherto unsolved problem of the topography of Jerusalem in the early days of its history settled."

Having made his discoveries, Professor Macalister is taking the unusual step of covering them up again with earth. It is not practicable to remove what he has found for permanent shelter in museums, and bitter experience has convinced him that to leave the stonework above ground would simply be inviting the fellaheen to make a stone quarry of it.

THE LADY OR THE BEAR

BEARS, says Sir Hiram S. Maxim in My Life, do not make safe pets. If you step on a dog's foot, the dog has brains enough to know that it is an accident and actually expects you to pet and pity him for your blunder, which no doubt you will do. But if you step on a bear's foot, the bear will not stop to reason. He will retaliate by taking about a pound of steak out of the calf of your leg.

My uncle, Hiram Stevens, after whom I was named, captured a small cub and brought it up as a pet. It would eat almost anything and about as much of it as a pig, so it soon attained considerable size and had very peculiar ways of showing its affection. At that time my uncle was paying his respects to the young lady who afterward became his wife, and she objected very strongly to the bear. The next Sunday night, therefore, my uncle locked the bear securely in the woodshed, but he had not been very long with his ladylove when the front door was burst in and the bear rushed in and landed in his lap. That brought matters to a crisis; the young lady delivered her ultimatum,—he must either break off the engagement or kill the bear,—and so the interesting pet was sacrificed on the altar of Cupid the next day.

DOBBIN'S SLIDE

APROPOS of the stories of animal intelligence that we have printed in The Companion, a subscriber writes to tell us about an old horse that her great-grandfather had on his farm in Vermont. The story is a well authenticated tradition in the family.

There was a pasture on the farm, she says, that was well fenced on all sides except in one place where the land was high, and where a steep ledge that was considered impassable dropped down to the field below. Near by was a garden with corn growing in it. Great-grandfather put his old white horse into the pasture, but the horse kept getting out of the pasture and into the garden, and they would find him greedily eating the corn.

Very carefully they examined the fence, but could find no break in it. So one day some of the family hid near the garden, determined to see how the horse got out of the pasture. They were rewarded by seeing him come up to the top of the ledge, where there was no fence, sit down on his haunches and slide down that steep ledge of rock into the field below. After that a fence was put across the top of that ledge and Dobbin had to content himself with what corn his master thought best to feed to him.

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FIRECRACKER

By
Beatrice Stevens

THE girl stood on the edge of the offset above the bull's paddock, an apple in her hand. Her vermilion dress, blowing in the fresh September wind, outlined her childlike slenderness. It was a good apple, and she did not want to waste it. She was waiting for Mr. Hastings' Holstein to finish his drink of water before throwing the fruit down to him. The great creature seemed to have endless leisure as well as endless thirst. Firecracker waited patiently, looking down at him from the top of the seven-foot offset with indulgence.

"Here, lambie, look," she called, holding up the apple.

The bull rolled a fierce eye in her direction and lifted his head from the water as she tossed her gift down at his feet. He nibbled it appreciatively with a dripping mouth, regarding Firecracker with hopeful approval. She held up both hands.

"That's all, pettie," she said and ran through the arbor toward the house.

It is, perhaps, not necessary to say that "Firecracker" was not her real name, but it might as well have been; for the unfortunate child was christened Europa. That name had been handed down through several misguided generations, usually giving place to nicknames of varying ingenuity.

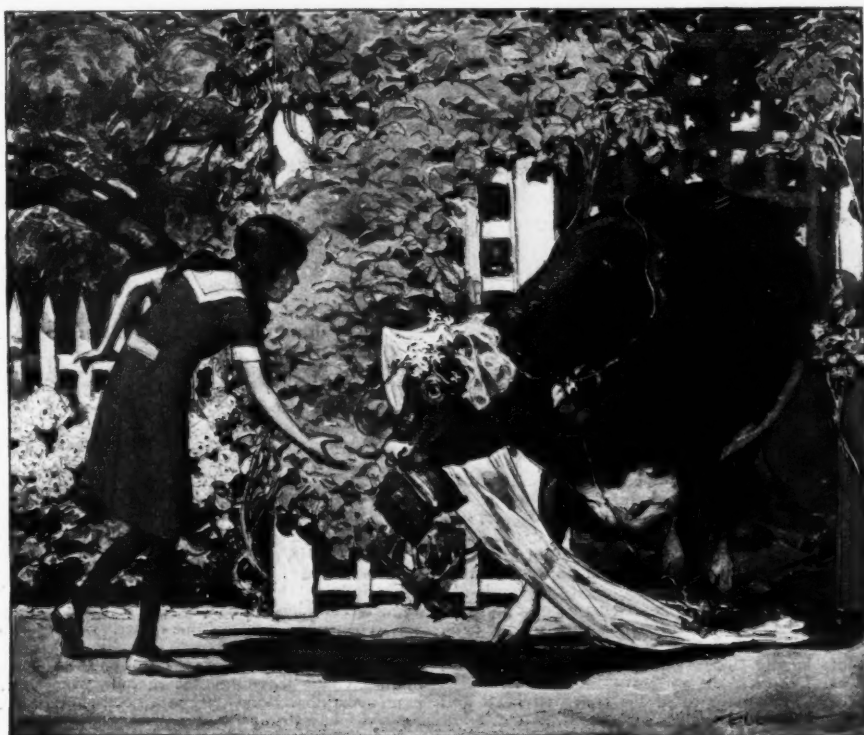
The present Europa's substitute name of Firecracker related entirely to her apparel, and not to any quality of temperament or physique. She was a singularly even-tempered child with a composure beyond her fifteen years. She always wore a brilliant red. The reason for this was that her father, her only parent, was unusually near-sighted. Her mother, who had died when Firecracker was an infant, had left her in her father's care, and he had done his best to "keep his eye" on her at all times and places according to his limitations.

Her baby carriage bore a scarlet blanket, which, in the early days, he had watched nervously from his study window, adjusting distance glasses to satisfy himself that Europa had not, in spite of the nurse's surveillance, fallen out of her carriage. When Europa progressed beyond the baby carriage and go-cart era, this fear changed to apprehension that she would sprain her ankle.

Her father was a professor of classic languages in a small college. He was overworked, but the ill health that forced him to take a year's vacation had its foundation in the anxious unrest that kept him constantly watching for the active scarlet-clad figure of his child. Firecracker was unusually good-looking. Her cloud of dusky hair, pale olive skin and excellent carriage were conspicuous enough to make you feel that her father might have recognized her unlabeled, but the truth is he had probably never seen her, except vaguely as a child in a red dress with a soft voice, and without a sprained ankle.

They had come to Blue River and were spending the summer at the Hastings farm. Mr. Hastings himself was an old friend of the professor's. The farm was called the Model Farm, in varying degrees of sarcasm and amusement, throughout the countryside. Mr. Hastings, an enthusiast on the subject of agriculture and all that pertains to it, indulged in experiments.

It was Firecracker's practice to read to her father every day: newspapers, books, his own manuscript for the text book he was writing. She wrote letters for him with and without dictation and was thoroughly indispensable; of which fact he was as unaware as he was of her personal appearance.



DRAWINGS BY R. L. LAMBDIN

With an elephantine gambol, in which he stepped on his bridal headdress, he dodged

Their hours of work together often found them in the arbor that edged the garden, running along the offset, below which the bull spent his days in a heavily gated paddock. It seemed to Europa that the bull's existence must be uninteresting, and in her amiability toward the animal kingdom she tried to cheer his solitude. Not only did she comfort him with apples, but with unctuous words so often had she called him "a good bossie" that he must have begun to feel he was indeed a good bossie. Such was the power of suggestion that his disposition, formerly that of the average Bengal tiger, softened, until he was perhaps no worse than the average grizzly bear.

On coming to Blue River Firecracker and her father had first gone to a small inn across the road from the Model Farm. From this inn Mr. Hastings had indignantly extracted them on the night of their arrival and established them in his own house. Firecracker's imperturbable serenity fell like a balm upon a household afflicted by Mr. Hastings' erratic temperament. It was not only the Holstein that relaxed into placidity at the sound of her almost husky voice. Hastings himself threatened her with adoption. The cook, an ancient negress, called Auntie Phlogistin, endangered the girl's excellent digestion with offerings. The livestock regarded her with languishing eyes. Even the boarders at the inn thought it a pity that such a nice girl should be called Firecracker.

"Would you want to call her Europa?" Silly Pemberton would demand of the porch rocking-chair group. His name was Cyril, and his sympathy for Firecracker was profound.

Firecracker, now leaving the bull to his

solitude, hastened to the house and to the dining-room. The professor and Mr. Hastings interrupted a heated discussion to greet her and returned instantly to the fray. A cat and three kittens took up strategic positions about her chair, sniffing hopefully.

The professor was expressing just indignation. "Of course, Henry, I may be, as you say, a fussy old dodo, but it will be only by the grace of Heaven if you don't blow up the laboratory and yourself with that crack-brained formula. Any fool, any average high-school child, would know it is a mistake. How you have managed to reach your present age and station in such total ignorance of chemistry I am unable to understand."

Mr. Hastings responded vehemently. He acknowledged his ignorance of chemistry, which, he said, was surpassed only by the professor's ignorance of all branches of agriculture.

Firecracker broke into the conversation but once.

"Shall you need me this afternoon, father?" she asked, dividing the last smelt between the cat and the kittens.

The professor put on his distance glasses to consider this. He had to go over some papers that his lawyer had sent him in the morning's mail. Very important! She would not understand. It would be necessary for him to do it all himself. He certainly would not need her before six.

"But don't go too far, my child, and be careful," he added with an anxiety that was none the less real for being habitual. Europa responded reassuringly, as she had for many years, and rose from the table, looking over the remaining viands for an offering for the Holstein.

The creature's gastronomic tastes were somewhat eccentric. For example, when the worn sandpaper roofing of the laboratory was torn off to give place to the present metal roof he ate with relish such strips of the discarded substance as fell inside his paddock. In the absence of building material, Firecracker selected a celery tip.

Whether or not the brute regarded this as food, he took it in the spirit in which it was proffered and ate it politely.

Firecracker, with a golden afternoon ahead of her, collected paper, pencil, a couple of books, a trowel and string and started happily for the Arm Chair Rock. This was a worn boulder above a spring, from which a little brook rose and took its fern-decked way over rock ledges to the Blue River in the meadows below. From the Arm Chair one could see down the brook's course a bit of the Blue River between elms and, on the rising ground above, a part of the Hastings farm: the end of the arbor and the offset wall, against which stood the metal-roofed shed that played the strenuous rôle of Hastings' laboratory. Catastrophe was the meat and drink of the laboratory. One lost count of the number of times it had been on fire. Any person connected with the Hastings Model Farm, on noticing a strange smell in the air, automatically took up a fire extinguisher and ran to the laboratory. Beyond this group of buildings and trees, a serene line of hills lay like a quiet sea.

Firecracker, after a long look at this well-loved vista, turned to the business of the afternoon: the completion of the terraced gardens of Elfscrag, stronghold and capital of the domain of Elfsgarde.

This mediaeval structure was about three feet square. Its massive keep rose to the height of nearly twenty-four inches. Below it the rock ledge dropped away to a pool in the brook, fed by a waterfall. The castle was constructed partly from the natural formation of the rock, and partly of small stones put together with cement. Firecracker had been at work on it all the summer, and its creation had been a source of thrilling delight. She had a genius for building and had pored over the architectural books in her father's library and in that of the college with a burning zeal that had given her knowledge and taste creditable to an architect.

Inspired by the enchantment of Elfscrag, another castle, Hawksmoor by name, was in process of construction. Its builder and lord was Silly Pemberton. This historic pile reared itself on a small spot of lawn, hedged by a forest of fern. It was almost entirely handwrought, and it had a real moat, a feat of engineering of which its builder was justly proud, and over which a drawbridge, eight inches long, was raised and lowered in an orthodox mediaeval manner.

When Her Majesty of Elfscrag came to confer with His Highness of Hawksmoor, the drawbridge was ceremoniously let down to admit her presence in the castle. It may be added that the relations between the castle of Elfscrag and the castle of Hawksmoor were friendly.

Firecracker was constructing a clipped hedge of moss with the aid of manicure scissors when the horn of Hawksmoor, an antique from the ten-cent store, was heard. She raised its counterpart, hanging by a ribbon round her neck, to her lips and gave the answering call. Presently the shock of sun-bleached hair that surmounted the freckled countenance of the most puissant lord of Hawksmoor showed over the thicket of laurel surrounding the Arm Chair Rock.

"Greetings, Majesty!" said that august personage, raising a lordly hand.

The monarch of Elfsrag stood up with a dignity.

"Greeting to thee, Highness," she returned. "We are honoured by thy presence."

Hawksmoor's royal eye lit upon the almost completed garden. "Watcherdooing?" he said in one word, breaking through the laurel.

Firecracker exhibited her afternoon's work, while the boy crouched breathlessly on the ledge, illuminated by the delight and appreciation of a fellow creator.

"I say, Firecracker! Honestly, how did you think of that! And a pool! And I say, those steps certainly are—and look at that path leading under the arch! Look here, Firecracker, I've got to have a garden, too. Where would you put it?"

Firecracker reached for a book. "I know," she said. "I thought of it this afternoon. I'll show you."

The exposition of her suggestion was followed by a royal visit to Hawksmoor, and, the cavalcade having entered over the solemnly lowered drawbridge, the plan was discussed on the proposed site, with enthusiasm on both sides.

It was almost five by the time Hawksmoor escorted his royal adviser to her own domain. As they stood in final consultation a dull boom broke in upon the afternoon's brooding peace.

Firecracker sprang up. "There goes Cousin Henry!" She hastily climbed to the back of Arm Chair Rock. "Now, I hope that father—" She paused, eagerly scanning the garden and laboratory door from her vantage point.

There was a slight puff of dust or smoke, and she could see Hastings darting about, beating at something on the ground with a broom. He seemed excited and pleased, and doubtless was; for the failure of an experiment never detracted from his delight in it. It was with relief, however, that Firecracker saw her father amble to the edge of the offset and look down upon the scene of disaster from the sanctuary of a pongee umbrella.

The boy climbed up beside her, but without excitement. An explosion at the Model Farm was a commonplace. They started home together, in the characters of Firecracker and Silly.

When they parted at the end of the lane, Silly cut across the mowing toward the inn, while Firecracker, selecting under an apple tree a present for her bovine friend, turned by the barn. Here she noticed that one of the gateposts of the bull's paddock was tipped to one side, so that the gate had swung open; also, with a sudden leap of her pulse, that the bull was not there. She reassured herself. Of course he had been taken into the barn after the explosion. Pocketing the apple, she looked at the wrecked door of the laboratory with mild curiosity. Cousin Henry certainly had had quite a satisfactory experiment! She poked the eloquent fragments of a garden spray with her foot. A bit of twisted metal caught her builder's eye as excellent material. She was stooping to pick it up when the voice of Aunt Phlogistin rose in terror and wrath from the garden above.

"Get out o' ma clo'es, yo' black whale! Ma lan! Go way f'om hyer! Lordy massy!"

The words ended in a stifled shriek. There was a rush of feet, a crash and bellow.

How Firecracker scaled the seven-foot wall, she never knew. Probably the tipped gatepost helped her. At any rate she found herself holding to the low picket fence at the top as with a furiously beating heart she pulled herself up and stood on the garden level looking into the arbor. The sight that met her eyes almost made her lose her hold. Aunt Phlogistin, wildly dishevelled, sat on top of the latticed arbor, and below her, a wet lace curtain trailing from his horns, the Holstein stamped and rumbled with rage and excitement. In the arbor her father's overturned table showed Aunt's line of retreat, and near it lay an open strongbox and a leather wallet surrounded by scattered papers.

At sight of Firecracker, Aunt Phlogistin found her voice again in a husky whisper: "Glory Ann! Miss Fi'crack! lamb pie, don't come up hyer! Dat bull's on de rampage! An' ef he sees yo' red dress, he's gwine fly through de ceilin' sho's yo' bo'n!"

Firecracker's own voice was hardly more than a whisper with sudden fear.

"Where's father?" she gasped.

"Yo' pa's up on de po'ch! Allejuia, honey chil', get down befo' dat ravenin' beast sees yo'."

Firecracker slipped back behind a rose of Sharon that grew on the edge of the garden. Peering through its leaves, she could see her father on the porch, immersed in a book. From the rhythmic motion of his hand, she knew he was reading verse, and until he reached the end he would be oblivious of all outside influence. But how near the end was he? She thought quickly. Then she took a cautious hand from the palings and, lifting the horn of Elfsrag, blew the signal for help. They had agreed upon it a month ago and had never used it. She wondered if Silly would remember.

Aunt Phlogistin on top of the arbor was praying volubly. The bull, irritated, was endeavoring to gore the overturned table. Being iron, it offered resistance, and kept him occupied. At the sound of the bugle, he raised a furious head, at which Firecracker, peering through the rose of Sharon, clutched the palings in a spasm of laughter. The great creature had brushed through a thicket of clematis, and a spray of white flowers decked his forehead, which in combination with the lace curtain festooned from his horns gave him the appearance of a distraught bride.

Silly's answering call was followed by the sound of running feet. Whistle in hand, the boy rushed breathlessly into the lane. He caught sight of Firecracker and Aunt Phlogistin at the same time.

"What on earth!" he gasped.

The girl turned cautiously. "Silly," she whispered, "the bull is loose in the garden. Father's on the porch, and I don't dare leave here for fear he'll come down. Go and get some of the men."

Aunt Phlogistin interrupted her prayers. "Law sakes! Miss Lamb, Mars Hen' has don' gone to de pos' office with Thomas, and dat lazy no-count Pat's down in de lot, restin' hisse'f, and de Lord alone, knows where Simon is."

Silly's eyes turned wildly from one to the other. There was a crash as the bull hit the table viciously. Firecracker leaned down. "Go to the inn then, and don't worry. We're perfectly safe, but send some men here."

Silly turned and ran without more ado. Firecracker heard him shouting in the distance as she turned back to look at the Holstein, which, having butted the table into the corner of the arbor, was turning his attention to the scattered papers, blowing and snuffing into the pile of them.

The wallet appeared to suggest itself as edible, and he tasted it with rolling eyes. Firecracker, in sudden alarm, stepped hastily into view. "No, no! Naughty! Drop it!" she cried.

The bull raised his bedecked head and glared, the wallet in his mouth.

Aunt Phlogistin burst into a hymn, rocking herself precariously on the beam of the arbor, like an overwrought canary.

"Li'l Davy, play on yo' ha'p!" she shouted.

Sharp anxiety wiped all thought of personal fear out of Firecracker's mind. "Stop your noise, Aunt!" she ordered. Acting on sudden impulse, she climbed the picket fence and leaped down directly in front of the astonished Holstein.

"Co' boss! Oh, what a nicey!" she said.

No one knows why the bull did not charge. Perhaps he had worked off his rage. Perhaps the sound of Firecracker's soothing voice established a paddock atmosphere. He looked at the scarlet-clad figure with melting eyes.

Firecracker reached cautiously for the wallet protruding from his mouth, but the great creature, giving his bridal veil a coquettish toss, backed into the arbor. The girl followed with blandishments. It now became evident that Silly had brought some men. Firecracker was aware of hurrying footsteps, and over the offset there

appeared the head and shoulders of a man who was being hoisted from below.

The bull turned with a rumbling roar. Firecracker sprang forward. "Don't come up!" she cried.

The man had a rope in his hand. "Don't run, miss," he said quietly, "but step behind that post and get away. Get away quick!"

Firecracker was much perturbed. The bull might swallow the wallet before she could get it, if he was excited now. He might, anyway. With a taste for sandpaper roofing, what was a wallet, more or less? She turned to the man. "Listen," she said. "I must get that wallet out of his mouth. Don't come up here, and don't let anyone else, or you'll frighten him, and he'll swallow it. He won't hurt me."

The man gaped at her. "Wallet! Frighten him?" he said faintly.

Silly's head appeared now, and in the distance she heard Hastings' voice.

Again she caught at the projecting wallet. It slipped in her fingers. With a cajoling hand held out to the bull she appealed to the boy. "Silly," she said, "you can see that he won't hurt me. Don't let Cousin Henry rush up here."

"Europa," the professor's voice came placidly from the porch, "is that you?"

"Yes, father," she said, "I'll be right there."

"I think I left that strong box on the table in the garden, and I may have forgotten to shut it up. The wallet has five hundred dollars in it. Bring it when you come, my dear," and the professor returned to his seat.

"All right, father. In just a minute. Wait, baby darling." She followed the coily retreating bull out of the arbor into the little formal garden.

Mr. Hastings, purple in the face, a gun in one hand and a pitchfork in the other, appeared at the garden gate.

"Stand away, Firecracker!" he ordered sharply in a voice he had never used to her before.

The bull jerked his wreathed head, and Firecracker once more just missed her grasp on the wallet. She turned desperately.

"Cousin Henry, let that bull alone and keep out of this garden. He's got father's wallet in his mouth, and he'll swallow it. I almost had it, and you scared him. Now, you keep away! Silly, keep them away!"

She followed the bull round a bed of phlox, vaguely conscious of hushed tumult about her. Whispered snatches came to her. "She's right! Let her alone, man." "You'll only excite the brute." "Follow, but don't let him see you." "Give me that gun, sir, your hand's shaking. Honestly I'm a good shot. Keep out of sight."

Coquetry possessed the bull. He gazed at Firecracker with fatuous eyes. With a calf-like bounce he trotted round the phlox bed and peered at her through the flowers. She headed him off with murmurs:

"Here, baby dear, spit out the nasty wallet." But, possibly feeling the tension in the air, he turned again and rounded the sundial. The girl once more headed him off. With an elephantine gambol, in which he stepped on his bridal headdress, he dodged back to the phlox bed. Firecracker was desperate. Into the perturbation of her mind the phrase, "Take the bull by the horns," flashed suddenly. She stepped through the phlox and grasped the creature firmly by his bedecked horns. A gasp went round the garden. "Whoa, lambie dear, and see the nice apple," she murmured as, letting go of his horns, she produced it from her pocket. He rolled his eyes anxiously, sniffing it, and opened his mouth. With a dexterity that would have done credit to a magician Firecracker managed to exchange the apple for the slimy, chewed wallet, the bull accepting the substitute without protest—even with

what seemed a mild show of preference. A deep breath of relief sounded in the hedge.

Mr. Hastings' voice came from the garden gate in impassioned entreaty. She took the curtain deftly from the bull's horns and wiped the wallet with it. She patted the great creature's forehead and took hold on the heavy folds of hide on his back. "Come, dearie," she said. "Come along."

And he came! Like Mary and her little lamb, they mincingly rounded flower beds. Like Una and the lion, they passed under the rose arch. In decorous promenade, followed by a breathless, invisible audience, they entered the land and reached the open paddock gate. The Holstein walked sedately in with the air of an opera singer returning to a green room.

"That's a good bossie," Firecracker said and pulled the gate to. Three men appeared from nowhere and pushed the post straight and the latch into place.

Firecracker turned to find herself in the frantic embrace of Mr. Hastings, who loosed her as Aunt Phlogistin, rescued from her plight, poured out the vials of her wrath.

"I hopes you're satisfied, Mas' Hen! I suddenly hopes yo' is! It ain't yo' fault that blessed lam' ain't et alive! Ef de Angel Gabriel ain't histed me on to that grape arbor in a cha'iot of fire I'd be a welterin' in ma gore this yah minut. Yas, suh!"

Firecracker made her escape. On the garden steps she almost fell over Silly Pemberton, with his head in his hands, and Mr. Hastings' gun beside him.

"Why, Silly! What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing. Go along!"

"So, I see," she said slowly. "You're a sort of a nice person, Silly."

"I'm a mess! But you're not; confound you," he finished.

"That bull wouldn't have hurt me," explained Firecracker, after drawing a few designs in the path with the toe of her sneaker. "There wasn't anything to it, Silly, not a thing."

The boy took out a handkerchief that showed plainly his mother's absence. After a hasty glance Firecracker handed him hers. A comfortable intimacy descended upon them.

"Father comes on the seven-o'clock train," he said presently as he stood up to go, "with a friend who is an architect. Let's take them to look at the castles by moonlight."

After dinner Firecracker sat on the porch with her father. The light from the house shone on her dress, throwing a glow up on her face. It was a Chinese silk, and beautiful, the color known to the paint box as Chinese vermilion. Stroking its folds, she considered the depleted state of her wardrobe, after a summer spent in constructing an empire.

"Father," said the girl, "I believe I'd like to have a green dress."

If she had said, "Father, I've robbed a bank, murdered the cashier and set fire to the buildings," she could hardly have surprised her parent more.

"Why, my child," he gasped, "how could I ever keep an eye on you?"

She lowered her voice to the tone she had used to the bull. "Oh, my dear, not if you would rather not," she said; "but I've always come when you called, you know, and I usually keep an eye on you. But I don't really care at all."

The professor continued to stare at his child, adjusting his glasses for the purpose of closer scrutiny. It is possible that he actually saw her for the first time since she was three weeks old. She had changed since then, and she was good to look upon.

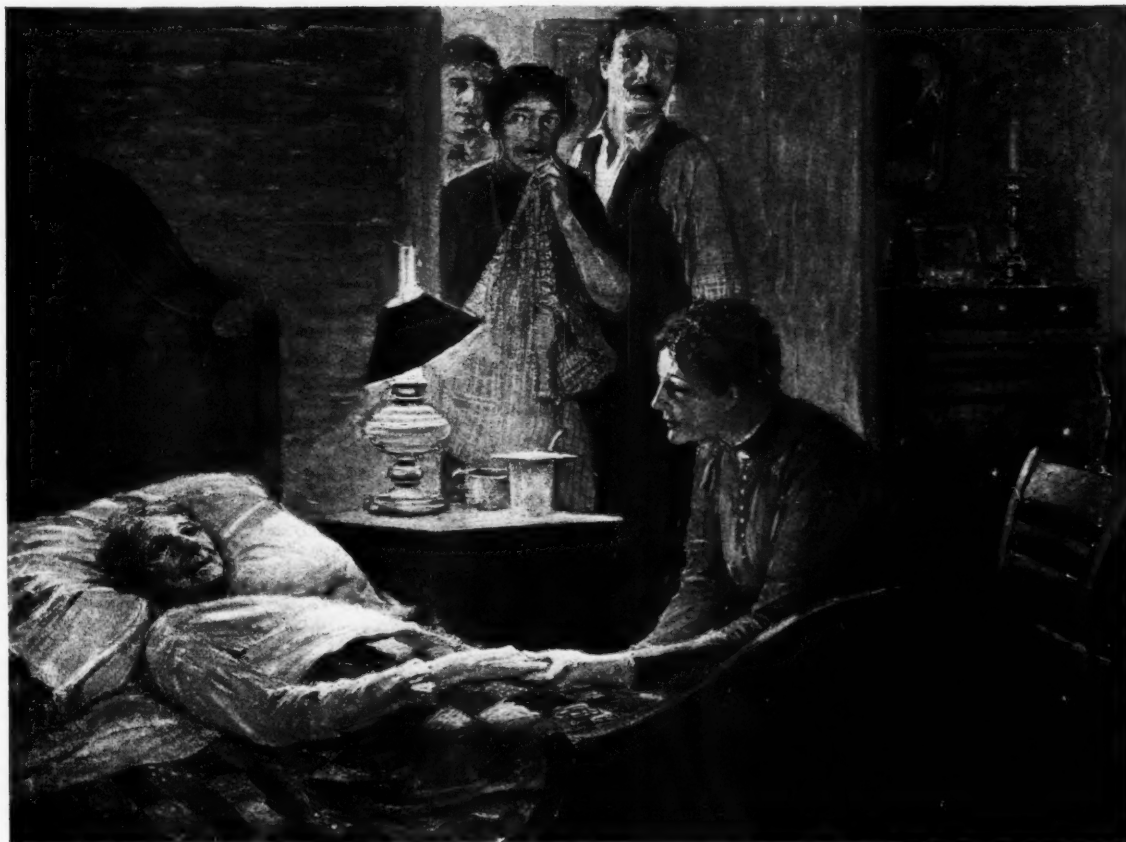
"That is true," he said. "I never thought about that." He paused, the suggestion of a rueful smile on his face. "You've been an excellent wife and mother to me all these years, my child," he said, "and I think a green dress would be nice. We'll motor into town tomorrow and get one. And a blue one, too," he added with a flash of imagination. Her mother had worn blue.

The horn of Hawksmoor sounded in the lane. "There they are," said Firecracker, as she rose to give the answering call. "Mr. Pemberton will stop in to see you on the way back. He says he wants to talk with you about my studying architecture." She handed him his reading glasses and moved books and papers and a lamp toward him.

"Run along," he said, adjusting the glasses, "and be, er, that is, er, have a good time, my dear." Europa went.

Presently he picked up his book; but he did not read: he was still looking at his daughter.





DRAWN BY A. O. SCOTT

The dark eyes opened, and she said fervently, "Go on, oh, do go on."

JUST NEIGHBORS

By

Jessie W. Morton

BECAUSE it threatened to snow, and because snow in Kansas generally means a driving wind also, Howard Morton had worked late one dark November evening in reinforcing windbreaks and places of shelter for his numerous cattle, battening the windows of his stables and putting fresh dry bedding everywhere. It was fifteen years since he had joined the party of Massachusetts relatives who in 1868 set out for the wilds of Kansas prairies. He had won a wife in that time; now four children were sleeping in the room where after his labors he sat reading.

I was rounding out my day's work—for "a woman's work is never done" on a farm. The clothes were sorted for the next day's washing; my sponge was beaten to a foam, in preparation for the next day's baking; the heavy cream from four cows had been added to the churn standing in the shed kitchen; the last stitches were set in two dresses for the little girls and the bottom of the mending basket was almost in sight when my tired hands dropped into my lap. I stretched my aching feet out before me and said to my husband:

"I've reached my limit. It's half past nine, and I'm going to bed."

But it was not to be. As I untied my shoe laces we heard the approach of a farm wagon on the frozen ground outside.

"I suppose it's some one late in leaving town, and it's so bitterly cold he wants shelter for the night," I said.

No question arose in pioneer minds as to the convenience or inconvenience of shielding wayfarers from discomfort. My husband was already opening the door to the shivering man who entered with his tippet

frosted from his breath. His first words appalled both of us.

"Mrs. Morton, I hate to ask it of you, but Grandma Disney is dying, and we can't make her easy noways. You're so handy with sick folks we knew you would be some help, and, honest to goodness, I do hope you can come over."

Come over! This was one of the "neighbors" six miles away. The night was black as ink. The road ran through a pasture covering a section of land. It was not a road,—merely cattle tracks dipping into gullies, into frozen buffalo wallows,—and the journey inevitably meant bumping noisily the whole way. It was nearly ten o'clock, but any neighbor among pioneers must be helped.

Though my husband looked much disturbed, he was bringing wraps, blankets, overshoes and a hot-water bottle to make the trip more endurable.

Now, I never dared to rank myself among the real pioneers. City born and bred as a child, I never got over my fear of other animals than my dog and my cat or of crossing unbridged streams. Though the days of Indian raids were past, it was not wholly the cold that kept my teeth clenched, my body shuddering, on that six-mile drive; it was unceasing apprehension of I knew not what—a poor preparation for calming an invalid.

I fiercely told myself that my work would be useless unless I got control of my muscles and nerves. So through the plunge down one side of a gully and the leaps of the team when they pulled us upon the level again I maintained silence, though I held a death grip on the back of the seat. It was an immense relief to me when half a mile away a brightly lighted sod house sent its welcoming

rays out into the deep blackness of the night.

"Never, as long as I live, will I pull down my curtains and darken my house," I vowed, and to this day that vow I have kept. Sitting in the sweeping wind, I welcomed the driver's proposal to pull the barbed wire from the posts and avoid a roundabout drive to the gate of the pasture. He kicked loose some heavy stones to weight down the wires and asked me to drive through; the horses knew exactly what to do and needed no guidance.

Slowly, carefully, they lifted their feet high and stepped over the bristling barbs into the good road that led to the house before them. Almost too stiff to move, I slipped to the ground when the driver drew rein at the rear of the house. An open door revealed a kitchen with several men standing ready to take the team and help us to thaw out.

After a few moments in the grateful warmth I was able to pass into the next room of the house, which had been built in sections of prairie sod. Four women were setting out a hearty lunch for midnight watchers. There were roast chicken, pie, cake, pickles and various other good things. The women gave me a whispered welcome and did not perceive the exasperation mounting within me at being summoned in the dead of night to help a household of men and women to care for one patient.

The next room was the sick room, where the daughter and her son had charge. They were making distressful efforts to soothe the moaning, restless old woman from "back East" who had never taken kindly to absence from any church service and from her little home. Through unwise speculation she had lost that home and had been com-

pelled to take up with pioneer life among her children. I knew her history and thought it was not bodily, but heart, sickness that ailed her.

Pity filled my heart as the daughter eagerly brought a chair by the bed and whispered hoarsely, "You just look her over. See if you can tell us what to do. Doctor's medicine don't help a mite, far's I can see."

I grasped the old hands, which were feebly beating back and forth over the patchwork quilt, and held them firmly. She did not withdraw them, but turned her gray head from side to side, longing for rest where there was no rest.

Then I tried an experiment. Very softly the old loved song, Jesus, Lover of My Soul, floated into the room. Absolutely quiet, without the quiver of a muscle, grandma was listening with closed eyes. Then I repeated the Twenty-third Psalm, quietly, softly. Singing again, I gave her Sweet Hour of Prayer and Rock of Ages, and here the unexpected happened. Grandma was joining with me; weak trembling notes they were, but in a voice that must once have been sweet. The dark eyes opened, and she said fervently, "Go on, oh, do go on."

One after another songs and responsive readings from the well-worn song book that the amazed daughter put into my hand followed until the deep natural breathing of the sick woman told me that the battle was virtually won. Pausing, I gently withdrew my hands from the loosened fingers and quietly rose. Every man and woman in that house had stolen in behind me! Some were on their knees, and my horrified ears caught a sob and the words, "Just exactly like a funeral!"

At imperative signals they silently passed into the other room; there I told them that grandma was not dying, but was wearing her heart out with longing for some little part of her old life.

"You men and women," I said, "make no effort to go to any religious service, though ministers come often and hold them somewhere in our valley. Take her to them every chance you get. It won't hurt you any. You all have your own work and interests; you compel her to go her own way with nothing she is used to. She ought to have her own pleasant room to withdraw to if tired, or when she wants to read in quiet. None of you care for reading as she does. You are too busy getting ahead. Do you see what I mean?"

They did. "We've acted plumb foolish. No wonder she's sick," said one of her sons.

Eager promises to build on another room for her "just as soon as the ground thaws so we can get the sods," came from the grandson. It was plain that she was dear to them all. I asked wonderingly, "Why did you call me here when you are all willing to stand by and help?"

With an embarrassed clearing of the throat the daughter began, "You see, we were sure she was dying—" She paused, and her son went on, "And of course she'd want some kind of a prayer. She'd be sure to have asked for it—" The son-in-law said bluntly, "Fact is, none of us wanted the job." He stumbled, and from the lips of the daughter burst out the real answer, "And none of us knew how to make such a prayer as she wanted, and we felt sure you did!"

I dropped my handkerchief hastily and stooped to pick it up. "A wish is a prayer; don't you think so?" I said. "The Bible says, 'Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.'"

A pair of loving arms encircled me. "Well, I know what you have need of, and that's a bed. I'm sure the folks can all go home, for I'm not afraid to sit up with grandma now."

"None of you are going to sit up, or be in the room with her, but me," I said firmly. "I have kept watch before and napped between whiles."

So it was arranged, though the son said impressively, "That medicine has to be given every two hours sure."

"Don't worry, Will. I promise to give the medicine whenever it is needed."

Early the next morning grandma was still sleeping peacefully when I heard the household astir and went out to beg for an early start home. When I had repeated what I had said about grandma's needs, with a few suggestions for her present care, and an invitation to bring her to my house to spend the day when she was stronger, the daughter exclaimed, "I don't know how to thank you for what you've done for us! I've always said I knew you were just like all the rest of us. Just neighbors."

GRIDIRON HEROES OF EARLIER DAYS

By Walter Camp

1859—1925

[Mr. Camp, who was known as the "Father of American Football," died a few months ago in New York, where he had gone to attend a meeting of the Committee on Football Rules. As an undergraduate at Yale in the eighties he played on the university football team; and ever since his college days he had been a close student of the game and an adviser of Yale players and coaches. His annual selection of an All-American Eleven was generally recognized as authoritative. In recent years Mr. Camp became widely known as the originator of the "daily dozen"—five-minute setting-up exercises.

made the team what it was. All the men whom he had offended by keeping to his own views in coaching his men were there at the side of that field ready to say, "I told you so," in case he failed to win. The crowd at

Springfield was remarkable for that day. Yale won the toss and took the west goal, from which a stiff wind was blowing. Harvard started with the wedge and forged ahead a few yards. Then followed three quarters of an

hour of stubborn fighting. The wind aided Yale, but Trafford, Harvard's back, by his long, low drives into the wind, time and again sent the ball out of the danger ground for the crimson. The half finally ended without score.

In the second half the wind, although still blowing, had moderated considerably, and Harvard did not get so much advantage from it as Yale had got in the first half. By superior teamwork, Yale forced the ball down into Harvard's territory, and McClung had a try at the goal, but failed. A little later, after Trafford had punted to Morrison, Bliss of Yale, after a pretty run, lost the ball just beyond the centre of the field, and a Harvard man recovered it. The two teams lined up. Cranston snapped the ball. Dean, the Harvard quarterback, made a line pass that Lee took on the run, going over toward the right at Hartwell, Yale's end. With a sharp turn he came in; Hallowell, the Harvard end, pocketed his man, and in another second Lee was skimming along just inside the touchline. He was too fast for the Yale half or back and came down the field with a magnificent stride. In another moment he had landed the ball behind the Yale goal.

The entire Harvard side of the field rose up in a crimson mass of banners and men and swept over the side lines; for a few moments it seemed that the field could not be cleared. At last, however, the crowd was driven back and Trafford kicked the goal.

The Yale men brought the ball out to the centre. The echoes of the Harvard cheers had scarcely died away when there was a bad fumble in the Yale centre. Dean, the Harvard quarterback, dashed through as the Yale quarter was reaching for the poor snap, seized the ball and was off like the wind for the Yale goal. Hartwell, the Yale end, was the only man near enough to him to stand the slightest chance of overtaking him. He gave chase, but in vain. The five-yard lines flew under Dean's feet, and before even the Harvard men could realize it another six points had been added to the score the crimson team was making.

I suspect that at this point Cumnock must have felt that his reward was sure, for no captain is really easy until he is more than six points ahead in a football match. Yale played a desperate, reckless game; but, although it kept the ball in Harvard's ground and even scored one touchdown, it could not overcome the lead. Cumnock was carried off Hampden Park on the shoulders of his friends, as deserving a victor as ever wore a canvas jacket.

At the close of the 1890 football season there were many misgivings at Yale about the position of fullback. Ben Morrison was to graduate, and no promising candidate for the position had appeared. Among those who started the season of 1891 under Lee McClung was a short, rosy-cheeked youth named Vance McCormick. He was about half the size of Ben Morrison, and while Ben always looked very serious and determined McCormick was usually smiling and care-free; but as the season advanced McCormick progressed, and there seemed to be no one who could dislodge him from his job as fullback on the Yale team.

McCormick was not "written up" in the newspapers, for he never seemed especially prominent in the play; but he never made mistakes. He just "did his job" whether as runner, interfeer or kicker. His runs were not sensational; but for a short and absolutely necessary gain Barbour, the quarterback, got in the way of calling McCormick's signal. His drop-kicking caused no tremors of fear in the hearts of his Princeton rivals, who had behind their line "Shep" Homans, one of the great kickers of the day, as well as King and Poe. Yet, if he were near enough the goal, he generally got the ball over the bar. Laurie Bliss and Lee McClung both liked him as an interfeer because he always took care of his man, never slowed up the man with the ball, and never let himself be bumped back on his runner.

There was another new man on this team—a dark-haired, flashing-eyed boy named Winter, who played at tackle. He was green,

IN 1887 a blond youth named Arthur Cumnock entered Harvard. At that time the spirits of the football enthusiasts at the Cambridge university had reached the lowest ebb, for the Harvard teams had met with a long succession of defeats. Even the work of brilliant leaders like Manning, and of persistent enthusiasts like Brooks and Holden, could not stem the tide of disaster. There had even been some talk of abandoning the sport.

Early in his career at college Cumnock was recognized as a promising player. Those who knew him better said that he was a born leader. Two years of work gave Cumnock the captaincy of the Harvard team, and from the time of his election he left no stone unturned to bring out a team that should beat Yale.

He organized class elevens, appointed deputies to look after the details of keeping up those organizations, trained a second varsity eleven of the best men outside his own team, and sowed here and there the seeds of enthusiasm, until he had more men at work on the football field than any two other captains.

But there was one thing that he could not easily give his players, and that was the spirit of winners. They had seen Harvard's teams annihilated year after year, and they lacked any real confidence that their old rivals could be whipped. Cumnock recognized that weakness in his team and tried by all possible means to inspire his players with more self-confidence.

His first important game was that with Princeton,—that memorable game of 1889,—from which dated an era of bitter feeling between the two colleges that for many years prevented any further meeting of the two teams. Without going into the rights and wrongs of that affair it is enough to say that the team that Princeton took up to Cambridge was composed almost without exception of seasoned veterans of the football field. Such a team Captain Cumnock's untried eleven met; the Harvard team not only held their opponents in the first half but scored fifteen points to Princeton's ten.

I never saw more brilliant work than that which Captain Cumnock and his team displayed from the very start of that game; but it was a faster pace than any team could possibly stand. In the second half the Harvard line broke in two places, and even the almost superhuman efforts that Cumnock and one or two others made could not avail. In that half Princeton ran up no less than twenty-nine points and thus made the final score 39 to 15 in Princeton's favor.

A week later Captain Cumnock took his team down to Springfield for the game with Yale that he had set his heart on winning. Harvard lost, 6 to 0, but the closeness of the score convinced his team that Yale could be held and might be beaten.

The next season, that of 1890, he was re-elected captain and continued his indefatigable work, but he took even more of the conduct of it upon his own shoulders. Of course, a number of would-be advisers and coaches, seeing a chance of great glory and no chance of dishonor, soon appeared to teach Cumnock's team to play football. When these men found that Cumnock intended to teach his own men his own game in his own way, they set up a hue and cry in the college papers and the Boston press that would have shaken the nerve of almost any captain. Cumnock was overworking his men; Cumnock was killing off his best players; Cumnock had not a half-dozen sound men left, and so on *ad nauseam*.

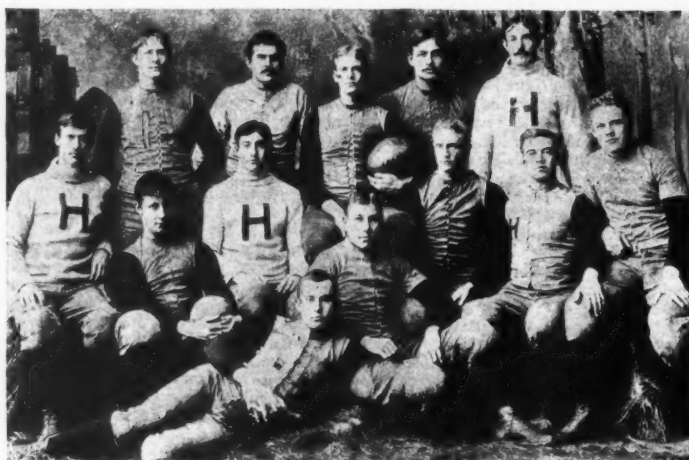
I saw Cumnock at noon on the day of the Yale game. His face was pale, and he was actually haggard with the worry of the last few weeks. There flashed through my mind as I chatted with him for a few moments the thought of how much the result of this afternoon's struggle would mean to him.

Few can realize the obstacles that Cumnock had had to overcome. When his team had failed to beat Yale the year before many had charged the defeat to Cumnock and had declared that the Harvard team was really a winning team if properly led. They completely ignored the fact that Cumnock had



THE YALE VARSITY ELEVEN OF 1891

On Ground—Hinkey, Barbour; Second Row—McCormick, McClung, Bliss, Wallis; Standing in Back—Sanford, Hartwell, Morrison, Heffelfinger, Winter



THE HARVARD VARSITY ELEVEN OF 1890

On Ground—Upton, Corbett; Second Row—Hallowell, Newell, B. W. Trafford, Dean, Aykward, Lake; Standing in Back—Lee, Cranston, Cumnock, Finlay, P. D. Trafford

but he was a glutton for work, and when Barbour thought of it he would let him carry the ball from his position at tackle.

With this team Yale beat Harvard, and then on November 26 went to New York to meet Princeton. The two teams fought through the first half of forty-five minutes without a score. Homans's remarkable punting had proved a great asset to Princeton.

In the Yale dressing room during the intermission, Captain McClung looked very serious. Laurie Bliss was a wonderful runner, and McClung himself was as good a half-back as ever wore cleats, but neither had been able to get to that Princeton goal line. The giant Heffelfinger stood in the Yale line, and the veteran Barbour was handling the plays, but Yale had not scored.

"I want you," said the coach to Barbour just before the players went out for the second half, "to use Bliss for the long ones, and if you get within striking distance send Winter and McCormick for the short gains until they drop dead or you get over! If you get to the thirty-yard line on a third down, give McCormick a chance for a drop kick."

So the two green men were the ones who must win that game! And they did it, too, for Barbour had no mercy on them. McCormick finally went over for the first touchdown. Then a few minutes later he made a drop kick from the thirty-five-yard line. Then Winter, three yards at a time, smashed his way over for another touchdown, and Bliss finished the job with a sixty-yard run for the last score. Yale had run up nineteen points in the second half to Princeton's nothing!

Largely because of the outcome of that game the rosy-cheeked McCormick was elected captain of the Yale team for the next year! Of course there were many grumblers. He had been chosen, they said, merely because he had been lucky in the Princeton game; he was too young to handle a Yale team; he had always been too jolly and careless to make a good leader. Well, he was captain, and at Yale a "captain is king"; so it was up to McCormick to make good. He had not wanted the captaincy; he had told me so repeatedly and had declared that he did not have the first requisite for the job.

But Vance McCormick had the very best quality that a leader can have: he was reliable. He never failed in a pinch to do a little better than he had ever done before. He never lost his head. Although he had never had any responsibilities except those that he cared to create for himself, he readily assumed those of the captaincy, when he realized that there was no one else for the place.

And what a captain he did make! All the round smoothness went out of his face, and the lines of care and worry cut in deep. Those few months changed the boy into a man. But his team was always in his hand, and when he called they went and went straight; and Vance McCormick's team finished the season without a score being made against them.

That year of leadership matured Vance McCormick as nothing else could have done. Soon after graduation he was called upon, on account of the illness of his father, to assume very heavy responsibilities that might have crushed him; but instead of giving way he developed still further under them.

Within a few years he became greatly interested in reform movements in his city; he ran as good-government candidate for mayor and was elected, and he accomplished community work that everyone had believed impossible.

Here, then, are two of the extreme cases in gridiron history. Cumnock came along at a time when constantly recurring defeats had sapped the morale of Harvard teams, and when there was neither sympathy nor pity for any of those who were in charge of Harvard's football interests. Cumnock set his hand to the task and drove steadily onward, turning neither to the right nor to the left, but, pursuing his own course, attained his goal of a victory over Yale.

McCormick, on the other hand, came along at a time when Yale teams were good and were in danger, if anything, of over-confidence and the loss of the fibre that comes from real work.

Cumnock was more mature. McCormick was entirely inexperienced. Cumnock was recognized as a star even before his captaincy, whereas McCormick was not. That increased the difficulties of McCormick's task. But each of the boys had the same heart, or nerve, or courage—call it what you will; each made good at his task and at the same time began to build up the character that carried him on to success in after life.



DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER

A kitchen window flew up

PLEDGE RIBBONS

By

Margaret Chase

IT was the last rushing-party of Tri Gamma. Rose Doyle's big dining-room was filled with small tables, at each of which three girls wearing the silver-and-diamond pin of Tri Gamma entertained one flushed and nervous freshman.

Leslie Grant's brown eyes shone, and her cheeks were scarlet. She longed to be bid to Tri Gamma. Her mother had given her twenty-five dollars to keep for the expense; for years she had carefully set aside a sum of money to put Leslie through Northern University.

Rose Doyle, Keitha Carson and Miss Arnaud were at Leslie's table. Rose was a popular senior. Keitha was Leslie's roommate at Willson Hall, a tall good-looking junior. She had been the kindest guide possible to the unknown and friendless freshman assigned to room with her. Miss Arnaud was director of women's athletics at Northern and the most popular member of the faculty.

Leslie saw Miss Arnaud give Keitha a significant nod and look, and her heart beat fast. As Keitha began to speak, a joyful outcry rose at a table near by.

"Margaret Newcome has gone Tri Gamma! Welcome her, everybody!" cried one of the girls, pinning a tiny bow of silver, white and green on Margaret's blouse. There were similar girlish shouts at other tables.

Keitha was talking in a low tone, telling rapidly of the aims, organization and personnel of Tri Gamma. "And so we think that we have a wonderful chapter," she ended, "and that you should belong to it."

Leslie's eyes sparkled with joy. "Oh, thank you! I'm crazy about the girls, and I'm crazy to belong, but—"

"Say no more," cut in Rose Doyle, producing a silver, white and green bow.

"No, no, I have to know how much it costs first."

"Oh, not much! Anyhow, we don't initiate until February, and that's four months away. Plenty of time to save up the initiation fee," said Keitha, whose monthly allowance was about the same as a year's tuition.

So Leslie suffered the pledge ribbons to be pinned on her blue dress and was kissed and congratulated.

Driving back to Willson Hall with Keitha, Leslie returned once more to the subject that bothered her. "I know you think I'm a bore," she said, "but I must find out, to write to mother, how much all this is going to cost."

"Why, of course, kidlet! Initiation is seventy-five dollars; dues are only five a month."

"Oh, but, Keitha!"

"Why, that's not so much, dear child!"

"Yes, but I don't believe I can afford it," said Leslie. "Mother made a budget for all my college expenses, and twenty-five dollars was all she allowed for a sorority. I know she's making sacrifices—I can't ask her for more money."

"Lots of girls at Northern earn money for luxuries and some for necessities."

Leslie brightened. "Oh, I'll work, Keitha! I'll do anything to earn some money without bothering mother! What could I do?"

Keitha brought her car to a stop in front of Willson Hall. "I don't know. I'll consult a few of our girls."

"There's a girl who sits next to me in chapel, named Nancy Dike. She worked every bit of her way last year, she told me. I believe I'll ask her how she does it."

"She works in the kitchen here at Willson Hall. She's a mighty nice girl."

Leslie found Nancy Dike in the basement kitchen. A stout colored cook was working over the stove, and Nancy was peeling potatoes in the sink.

"Hello! Have you got all those to do? Lend me a big apron to cover my dress and I'll help you."

Soon Leslie, enveloped in striped gingham, was working side by side with the other girl.

"I congratulate you on your ribbons," said Nancy, a serious girl of twenty. "Tri Gamma has a fine chapter here, although most of the girls I know best are in Alpha Rho. I can't afford to join anything." She listened attentively to Leslie's explanation of her problem.

"Well, for myself, I work in this kitchen fourteen hours a week for my board. Then I get my room free at Mrs. Clarke's just for staying in it every night from eight o'clock until morning. She's very old and doesn't like to be left alone at night. My brother pays my tuition. He has a hard time doing it, for he has to work like everything to pay his own way in medical school."

"But where do you get spending money?"

"I do typewriting sometimes for Professor Wolf. I wait on table at parties at the Woman's Club. I wish I could take care of babies, but my job at Mrs. Clarke's prevents. By the way, you could earn some money that way."

"How do you mean?"

"Stay with youngsters at night while their

parents go out. You get twenty-five cents an hour. Mostly you just sit and study. Occasionally you have to walk the floor with some howling infant, but not very often. There's plenty of demand too. Lots of town people prefer a college girl to a nurse for their children at night. Just give your name to the Y. W. C. A. secretary."

"Let's see. I have twenty-five dollars. That leaves fifty dollars to make in about ten weeks. O dear! That means at least five dollars a week. I'd have to give up almost every night to make that."

"Yes, you would. But of course you don't have to do it. Don't join the sorority if it isn't worth it."

"Oh, but I'm sure it is."

The two girls exchanged a look, and Leslie flushed with some shame.

"How small and cheap of me to feel sorry for myself," she said softly.

"Well, don't be sorry for me either," returned Nancy cheerfully. "I'm pretty well pleased with myself, to be doing as well as I am. And besides, I think I'm going to get a new job that I'll really enjoy and that will bring me in a good bit of money to spend."

That evening Leslie had already gone to bed when Keitha came in. "Are you asleep, kidlet? Can you play the piano?"

"Why, yes."

"All right, then. You're fixed. Five dollars a week is yours, just like that."

"Keitha darling! How so?"

"Did you read the Daily Northern today? See this ad? 'Wanted, a girl to play the piano for dancing classes at the gym. 3 to 4 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Friday; 8 to 12 Saturday A. M. \$5. Try-out for applicants Tuesday at 3. Miss Arnaud's office.' I went to see Miss Arnaud about your sad case, and she thought of this at once. She says she'll give you the job without a try-out if you can play at all."

"Oh, goody, hooray! The best of it is that I play pretty well."

The next morning she read the written notice on the bulletin board in the lower hall, to the effect that a pianist had been secured for the dancing classes and a try-out would be unnecessary. In front of Leslie, facing the board, stood Nancy Dike. Nancy made an effort to smile at Leslie.

"I'm out of luck," she said. "This is the job I was counting on."

Leslie murmured something sympathetic and walked away with her spirits dashed. She felt depressed because her good fortune meant ill-fortune to Nancy Dike. All her pleasure was spoiled. She used up one of her precious English cuts to walk to the lake, and

there she paced up and down the sand. Finally she went to the gymnasium and had the good luck to find the director alone.

"Oh, it's you, Leslie," said Miss Arnaud graciously. "I'm glad you came in."

"O Miss Arnaud, don't think me ungrateful or officious, but won't you please give the place to Nancy Dike instead of me? She needs the money so much worse than I do."

Miss Arnaud smiled. "Sit down and explain," she suggested.

She listened attentively to Leslie's story. "Well, there may be girls even more needy than Nancy Dike," she said finally, "and I can't decide who is to play by the question of need alone. Musical ability must be considered. We'll have the try-out after all. Now don't look so unwilling, my dear."

Leslie had to be satisfied with this, but she knew very well that she would not try-out. She was in all likelihood too good a player not to win. She went to the Y. W. C. A. office with fortitude and asked for a chance to tend a baby very soon.

The secretary enrolled her name, and asked if she wished to begin that very night. A regular customer of the Y. W. bureau, Mrs. Hethington, wanted a girl for the evening, from six to one or two o'clock in the morning. Leslie calculated swiftly that seven or eight hours would bring her \$1.75 to \$2.00 and accepted.

She was studying in her room that afternoon when Keitha wandered in.

"Why aren't you playing for the dance?" Keitha asked.

Leslie explained.

"Why, Leslie! You can't do that! Work four or five evenings a week? It's impossible, with all the other things you should do in your spare time. You ought to try out for dramatics and for the Daily Northern, and get in a 'lit' and work in the Y. W. Tri Gamma girls always make a point of getting into college activities."

"I'd dearly love to do all those things, but I must earn money for initiation."

"Why not worry about that a little later? Something easy and lucrative may turn up. And if nothing does, the girls won't let you go for lack of money. Initiation fee might be taken care of by some one else!"

"Meaning you might pay it yourself, you old fraud," guessed Leslie acutely. "Thank you, dear, no. I should rather go to Mrs. Hethington's. I know it won't be so bad."

Leslie slipped out of the back door of the Hall, and as she skirted the rear a kitchen window flew up and Nancy Dike called to her:

"Miss Grant! Miss Grant! I just wanted you to know that I got that job after all. Isn't that glorious?"

Leslie nodded and smiled. She was glad for Nancy, but she dreaded her evening's employment. She need have had no fear, however. Mrs. Hethington turned out to be a vivacious girl not six years older than her-

self, three years out of college, the mother of an infant and the mistress of an unreliable maid who went home at night.

"I'm an old Northern girl myself," she said. "Three years ago I was vice president of the senior class and president of Alpha Rho. And look at me now! We're so domestic! My husband and I are going out to dinner and a theatre," she explained, "and all I want you to do is to stay here and see that no one runs off with my youngster. He's fed and asleep in bed."

Leslie liked Mrs. Hethington immensely, and Mrs. Hethington in turn was greatly attracted by Leslie.

"No ribbons on that pretty kid, Billy," she remarked privately to her husband. "I believe I'll recommend her to Alpha Rho tomorrow. They need more pledges."

Leslie knew nothing of this conversation, of course, and she was depressed as she ate alone. She kept thinking of the jolly dinner at the hall, with the girls singing funny little songs at the end of the meal.

Sudden shrieks from the baby terminated her meal. From then on he screamed and wailed alternately and would not be still by any of Leslie's small devices. She had no expert knowledge of babies, and she was sick with anxiety and dismay as she walked the floor with the howling youngster. At last she gave him a drink of water and felt as she did so the sharp, sore point of a hot new little tooth on the glass.

"Good!" she said to herself in real relief. "So that was the trouble, his first little tooth. His mother will be delighted."

All at once her work seemed dignified and important. And when the Hethingtons came home Mrs. Hethington exclaimed, "Why, you clever girl, to find my baby's own first little tooth! See how peacefully he sleeps! I think you are a splendid nurse. I can make use of you four or five evenings a week. Promise me you won't work for anyone else."

"O Mrs. Hethington, I'll gladly agree," said Leslie.

"How would you like to meet some of the Alpha Rho girls tomorrow?" asked Mrs. Hethington impulsively. "I'm surprised not to see some ribbons on your blouse."

"Oh, no, but thank you very much," answered Leslie earnestly. "I already belong to Tri Gamma, and I ought to have my ribbons on right now."

Keitha awoke when Leslie stole into their room.

"Turn on the light, baby," she said. "How was the wage-earning? Very hard?"

"Yes, it was, but I liked it just the same. I've decided to keep it up, if that's all right with you."

"Of course it is," replied Keitha soberly. "But, by the way, I noticed that your pledge ribbons were left on your dresser to night. Always wear them, especially when you are working, because Tri Gamma is proud of that too."

SILVER DRIFT

By

Frank Lillie Pollock

VII. A WHISTLE AND A SIGNAL

DETERMINED to be seen, the two boys bolted back through the brush to an open space, where they ventured to stand upright, waving their arms. The plane came roaring over at tremendous speed, spouting hot fumes from its exhaust, not two hundred feet high, so that they distinctly saw the hooded figure behind the pilot lean far over and wave in answer.

It flashed through Walter's mind that the plane could not land. There was no open space but ice, which the aviators would not trust. The machine was a quarter of a mile away. It went round, banking steeply, and came back once more, flying now hardly fifty feet above the tree tops. As it went over Detroit Island something was heaved over and dropped, a great package that fell with a thud and a cloud of white dust like a bursting bomb. The plane went on, rising, soaring, passing out far over the bay, growing small and vanishing in the southwest.

Unfortunately, the fliers had not understood the state of hostilities on the earth. They had dropped the sack close to the cabin and the boys had the mortification of seeing their enemies rush up and pounce on it.

"Isn't that the sickeningest thing yet?" said Matt bitterly. "They've sent us grub. Flour and bacon and bread and all sorts of things to eat. That white dust was flour."

It was heartbreaking, but there was something else in the package. They plainly saw Mitchell extract something white, like a square of paper, stand up and unfold it.

"That's a letter," said Walter. "I'd almost give the grub to know what's in it."

Whatever it was, it seemed to excite great interest among the high-graders. The men gathered round Mitchell; an animated discussion followed. Their voices were hardly audible, but the gestures showed that some argument was being fought out.

The boys watched with breathless anxiety. The pirates were disturbed about something. Perhaps they were going to abandon work and make off. But after a long discussion one of the men lugged the heavy bale of provisions into the camp, and the rest went back with renewed energy to hooking up the ore sacks.

For half an hour longer Walter and Matt watched them from the undergrowth, growing sick and disgusted. It was late in the afternoon. Dark was falling early, with heavy banks of cloud in the west. They were cold and again hungry, and they crawled out of their covert and went back to Roll.

He had seen the airplane and was tremendously excited about it. The failure of its mission filled him with correspondingly intense wrath, and it really seemed to all the boys that the loss of that food was something that they could never forget.

However, they had the raccoon stew, boiled down now to a rich, thick mess, and they attacked it hungrily. The scrap of salt pork had barely salted it. It was not exactly



He saw the framework of the dog sled ablaze all over

palatable, but it was better than the bone soup and much more substantial. They finished the potful, and Matt prepared a fresh supply to cook overnight. But the pork was nearly gone, and the second installment would be even less salted.

The meal made them feel better, and Roll thought that he should be able to use his foot the next day. The weather really seemed to be a trifle milder. The north breeze had ceased, and a faint breath was rising from the west. There were no stars and the sky looked inky.

"Snow or rain sure," said Matt confidently.

He fidgeted restlessly about the camp all the evening, looking at the sky, smelling the wind, which was growing more decided. It was almost time to turn in when he stood up by the fire and took the shotgun.

"I can't sleep without going over to take

another look at that gang," he said. "I've got an idea—maybe I'm wrong."

Walter went with him. He too had been uneasy in his mind. It was very dark; they could barely see the dark outline of the islands against the ice as they made their way toward Detroit Island, but from a great way off they made out a glare of light. Coming up opposite, they saw a striking scene.

The high-graders had a huge fire on the shore, a high blaze that cast a brilliant light on the cabin, the ice-edges and the black hole where two men were still tonguing out concentrates. Fully three quarters of the ore seemed to have been brought up already.

In the strongest light Mitchell squatted on the ground with another man beside a pile of concentrates that had been emptied from a sack. They were examining the lumps, sorting them, throwing some aside into a heap, putting others back into the bag. This bag

was filled just as the boys came up. Mitchell shouldered it and carried it into the cabin, while his assistant poured out another sack on the ground.

"I was afraid they might be going to make a break tonight. But what on earth are they up to?" whispered Matt, puzzled.

Walter grasped the meaning of it. The pirates were sorting out the nuggets and the richest lumps, skimming the cream of the ore, re-concentrating the concentrates. In a ton or so of these pickings they might secure nearly half the silver value of the whole cargo.

"I'll bet that letter said that help was coming right away," Walter said with conviction. "Mitchell knows he can't get away with the whole lot now. They're trying to get together one sleigh-load of the best stuff. Likely you're right—they'll make a break with it tonight."

"Um!" Matt grunted dubiously. He stared across at the men sorting the treasure like real pirates on the blazing shore. Standing up safe in the darkness he gazed up at Mitchell's dog sled, occasionally visible as the fire darted its highest light. The dogs were gathered in the warmth, coiled up and asleep.

"I've thought of something," he said with a chuckle. "You stay here. I'm going to get something out of the Kingfisher. Keep your eye that way, and if you see me strike a match fire a shot right over at that crowd. It's too far to hurt them, but I want you to keep their attention. Get the idea? Then, when something happens, you strike back to camp."

He thrust the shotgun into Walter's hands and slipped off silently into the night. Surprised, and not at all understanding what was planned, Walter divided his attention between the scene opposite him and the darkness where Matt had gone. He could not see the thicket where the Kingfisher lay; but after fifteen minutes he saw the flash of a match flare, instantly blown out.

At once he fired his shot, holding high. It was long range, but some of the pellets must have rattled among the ore thieves, for they jumped up, exclaiming, cursing. Mitchell seized a rifle from the ground and fired two shots completely at random, and the dogs rushed out across the ice with a ferocious barking.

Walter instantly retreated, afraid the brutes might scent him. At that moment a flame shot up just beyond the cabin with almost the violence of an explosion. In the sudden, towering flare he saw the framework of the dog sled ablaze all over, as if kindled in a dozen places at once.

The pirates rushed toward it, but it was burning too fiercely to approach at all, much less extinguish. Walter could hardly restrain a yell of delight. He made off for camp through the darkness, and when half way Matt came up behind him like a phantom.

"See it go up?" he chuckled. "The sled and their harness too, I hope. I drew off a quart of gasoline from the boat's tank and

DRAWN BY
JOSEPH FRANKÉ

soaked it. I guess we've got them blockaded for tonight."

"You're a genius, Matt!" Walter exclaimed enthusiastically. "I couldn't imagine—" "And listen to that wind," Matt interrupted.

A strong southing breath was coming in from the west, mild and damp. The black sky seemed almost on the tops of the hemlocks. Walter felt a drop of rain on his cheek.

"Heavy rain before morning, and wind with it I'll bet," Matt predicted. "A gale from the west'll break all this ice up pretty quick. It isn't very thick yet. We've got those fellows beat all round, Walt, if we can just hold out about twenty-four hours longer."

Shortly after midnight the rain did come down in torrents. It drowned out the fire, flooded into the tent, and it seemed bitingly cold, mingled indeed with a little wet snow. The boys tried to relight the fire, gave it up as hopeless and huddled together in the poor shelter, trying to keep one another warm. But through those hours of wet and misery they had the consolation of knowing that the rain would stop the ore-sorting, and that a few hours more of it would make the ice impassable.

The heavy downpour lasted only an hour or two, slackened and ceased before daylight while the west wind increased. When Walter awoke from a damp and troubled doze he found Matt rekindling the fire with wet wood, while a gale drove smoke and sparks in clouds.

All the boys were cold and wet and inclined to be short-tempered. The ice was covered with pools of standing water. The wind roared through the trees, and they could hear the smash and crash of the waves on the edge of the shore ice in the bay. Even where they were the ice groaned and crackled with the pressure of these blows.

Rain and ashes had fallen into the racoon stew, making the juice uneatable. They tried to gnaw the dark, tasteless lumps of overboiled meat, which had no more flavor than wood.

"I don't think much of coon meat," Roll complained. "I'd about as soon eat dog."

"I'm certainly glad you feel that way," returned Matt grimly. "Because dog is just what you're eating. I got one of those brown brutes to chase me across the ice to the next island, and I shot him there and cut him up. Afraid you fellows wouldn't like it; so I called it coon."

Roll gave him a glance of amazement, then one of disgust at the hard-boiled lump he held in his fingers—and then silently resumed gnawing.

Walter burst into a roar of laughter. Dog or coon, it seemed of no consequence just then. "I expect you saved our lives with it, Matt," he said. "And I don't believe it was the first time, either."

"Oh, I don't know," returned the hunter modestly. "Dog isn't so bad, if you've got pepper and salt to it. But when you fellows have had enough dog I think we'd better hike over and keep a sharp eye on that high-grader outfit. Today's the crisis. Something's going to happen today."

Roll's swollen foot was so much better that he was able to put on his boot and limp along with them, and they took the remainder of the dog meat in their pockets. It might be necessary to keep watch on Detroit Island all day, unless wind and rain should break up the ice.

Already it was sloppy with water, and they could feel it heave and give underfoot from the lake swell. The underbrush that they crept through was dripping and half frozen, and at the first glimpse of the island Walter had a scared thought that the high-graders had already escaped.

No one was in sight. There was a huge wet pile of ore on the beach, but all the filled sacks had disappeared. Then he noticed smoke rising from the cabin's chimney and heard the bark of a dog inside.

Dogs and men were all in the cabin, perhaps still sorting ore, perhaps afraid of being raided again. It might be possible to hold them there till help came, to capture the lot. Crouching there in the wet bushes, Walter felt savage, like a wolf, savage and vindictive with starvation and cold and hardship. Jail was too good for these outlaws, who had been willing to murder. They deserved drowning; he thought he would take pleasure in seeing them go through the breaking-up ice.

"Tell you what I think," said Matt. "They'll pack up all the nuggets and rich lumps they can carry and make a bolt. Likely after dark, for they know now that we're watching and armed."

"Well, that wouldn't be a great loss."

"They might get away with two or three hundred pounds. I won't lose an ounce. I want to corral them for jail, too," Walter exclaimed.

"Well, maybe we could hold them up," said Matt doubtfully. "But if they don't break away soon we'll surely have them in a trap. The ice won't hold longer than today at the most. I can't imagine what they're waiting for."

The ice was certainly giving. The pound and heave perceptibly increased as time passed. A great crack split across the channel in front of them, water came through it, and a sheet of shallow water spread between them and the cabin.

Time dragged on, and still the high-graders made no sign or move. Concealment was needless now, and Matt managed to light a small fire in the shelter of two rocks, where they could at least warm hands and feet at intervals. The wind roared louder. The ice cracked and groaned, and water spouted up from the fissures.

Occasionally a dog yelped from the cabin, and intermittently the boys heard smashing axe-blows and the sound of sawing and hammer strokes. Once a man opened the door, glanced out and almost instantly shut the door, perhaps seeing the smoke across the channel.

Why the inevitable bolt was not made seemed incomprehensible. The ice ways would certainly be impossible within a few hours. The slow dragging of time was intolerable, and they could not measure it, for none of them had a watch going, and the whole sky was uniformly heavy. Walter grew hungry again and gnawed savagely at the hard dog meat.

They grew so chilled that they built up the fire to a great blaze in a desperate effort to keep warm, regardless of the danger of a sniping bullet from the cabin. The high-graders were still mysteriously busy. How long after noon it might be they could not guess. Nervous expectation made the time seem longer, but it must have been well toward the middle of the afternoon when Walter fancied he heard something, an enormously distant noise something like a resonant whisper.

He nudged Roll, who was speaking, for silence, and they all listened. A few minutes' silence and then that far-away mutter sounded again through the wind. Roll burst into an excited shout.

"That's a whistle. That's a steamer. I'll bet it's the Gracie! Bully for dad! I knew he'd be after us."

"May be just a lake boat," said Matt. "If it's a tug for us, we must make a signal. They won't know where to look. She's miles away. We must make a big smoke, out nearer the bay."

Walter jumped up and ran up the ice channel, splashing through an inch or two of water. He could feel it cracking under his feet. The big fissures were spreading in all directions, and here and there water gushed through like a pulse as the outer swells came in.

Here, however, the ice was still holding together. He rushed across an island of almost bare rock, splattered over another half-flooded strait and then halted, afraid to venture farther.

A wide, harborlike opening stretched out to the lake, a quarter of a mile away. He saw the vast expanse of Georgian Bay, slate-dark under the lowering sky, rolling in billows against the islands. A flurry of rain mixed with wet snow drove and passed. The shore ice was almost gone. Great blocks and sheets were hurled up crashing at every wave, and the swell came flooding in over the inner ice, almost to where he stood.

He could go no farther. The smoke signal would have to be made here. He secured a handful of birch bark and piled it by a dead cedar, nursing the flame with resinous twigs. Smoke poured up indeed; the damp stuff ignited slowly; but he coaxed and increased it till the fire began to eat into the cedar. It would hardly go out then, and it was safe to smoke and smoulder for a long time, well in sight of the open water.

A driving flurry of great wet snowflakes whirled over as he ran back. From a distance he perceived Matt and Roll crouched in ambush, staring eagerly across at the cabin. Matt signalled a warning to him.

"Something's going to happen," he whispered as Walter came up. "I do believe—"

The cabin door was suddenly flung open. Out of it seemed to pour a stream of men and dogs, tangled all together, carrying among them something big and clumsy and shapeless.

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FACT AND COMMENT

TRUTH is a torch that casts light through a fog, without being able wholly to dissipate it.

Men praise the Peacock's Tail in glowing Words.

"But, oh, his Voice!" protest the other Birds.

THE EARL OF OXFORD, formerly Mr. Asquith, the English Liberal statesman, has chosen for his crest "a lozenge emerging from a cloud." An appropriate device for so frequent and distinguished a public speaker as His Lordship. The only question is, what brand of lozenges is represented?

SOME ONE has started a movement to enrich the English language by the word "vidience," which is created, by analogy with "audience," to mean a gathering of persons watching the moving pictures. Words equally artificial and far less defensible have got warm places for themselves in the dictionary; but our first feeling is that the word will not go far with the general public. Those who write motion-picture criticisms for the newspapers will welcome it, however.

BOY SCOUTS AND GIRL SCOUTS who have had first-aid training are now pretty well aware that an hour and even more is not too long to continue attempts to resuscitate persons who have been taken from the water, but not all of them may know that a similar persistence may save the life of one who has received a severe electric shock. An elevator man in Haverhill, Massachusetts, was restored to consciousness and saved by forty-five minutes' application of the prone method of artificial respiration after he had received a shock of 550 volts.

LOVERS OF ALL THAT IS FINE in outdoor sports will be glad to hear that the National Collegiate Athletic Association, made up of representatives of two hundred and twenty-five of the leading colleges and universities in America, are making plans for a suitable memorial to the late Walter Camp, the "father of American football," whose last article for The Companion appears in this issue. What form the tribute shall take will be left largely to Mrs. Camp and the authorities of Yale University, but it is sure to tell future generations of young men something of the fine spirit of the man who did so much to keep amateur sport clean and wholesome.

THE LATE GENERAL MILES, during his many Indian campaigns, gathered a very interesting and valuable collection of weapons, articles of clothing and ornament and primitive implements such as could not now be found anywhere. Among them were trophies of Geronimo, Sitting Bull, Natchez and other great chiefs. Now, through the generous public spirit of General Miles's son and daughter, the collection has passed into the possession of the Museum of the American Indian in New York, where it will be at the service of ethnologists and other students.

THE CITY OF GLOUCESTER, Massachusetts, has just dedicated a striking statue of bronze to the memory of the brave men of the town who have lost their lives among the fogs and storms of the fishing-banks. Every year the sea takes heavy toll of the Gloucester men. Forty-five were lost between January 1, 1924, and August 1, 1925. No occupation we know of offers more hardship and a greater risk of death. Yet the sturdy men of Gloucester still man their schooners and go out uncomplainingly to match their daring and seamanship against the malice and power of the sea. The statue represents the helmsman of a fishing-schooner, firmly gripping the spokes of his wheel and gazing steadily out to sea. The inscription is: "They that go down to the sea in ships."

FLYING IN THE ARCTIC

BOTH Amundsen and MacMillan are back; their air offensives against the Arctic ice have failed. So far as we can learn from the published statements of both explorers, there is small chance that they will renew their campaigns, at least with the airplane as their weapon.

There is no apparent difficulty about flying in the Arctic during the summer months. The cold is not too great, and storms, which are not particularly common, can usually be avoided. It is the coming down that is



Cattle feeding on Range in the Public Lands

UNCLE SAM, LAND OWNER

THE public lands of the United States are an enormous asset, but a continual source of dispute. How they shall be administered, how and when they shall be released for private use, what shall be done with them while the government still keeps control of them, are all matters of argument. Formerly, when the extent of public land seemed inexhaustible, it was portioned out lavishly to private citizens. When it went for homesteads the nation's generosity was wise and well rewarded. When it went to railways or other corporations, as much of it did in the sixties and seventies of the last century, there were frequent scandals.

A generation ago, when the supply of desirable land began to show signs of exhaustion and the value of what was left began to be appreciated, the "conservation" movement took root. President Roosevelt was an eager supporter of that movement. Gifford Pinchot, now Governor of Pennsylvania, was its prophet. Conservation won the day; for a good many years the public lands have passed very sparingly into private hands. There is not much good agricultural land left. But there is plenty of land rich in oil, in timber and in mineral wealth and much that is useful for grazing. The government has kept a pretty firm grip on this residue, though it has not been unwilling to lease some of it on strictly business terms.

There is a good deal of uneasiness under the conservation policy. Not everyone is a conservationist. A good many people see chances for profit in the public lands and think they ought to have access to it. A good many others, who do not want to use the public lands themselves, think it would be good for business or for the prosperity of their various states if private capital were allowed to "develop" the great resources that are locked up under government control. They do not like to see land that has a commercial value lying "idle."

On the other hand there is constant suspicion that unscrupulous private interests are trying to get the better of the govern-

ment, and sometimes succeeding. The recent disclosures concerning the leasing of oil lands at Teapot Dome and Elk Hills have strengthened that suspicion in many minds. The whole question has been gradually coming to a head, and now the Senate has directed its committee on public lands to investigate the situation thoroughly and report its findings. The committee is now in session at Washington; the presence upon it of Senator Walsh of Montana, who directed the Teapot Dome hearings two years ago, is assurance that the investigation will not be a perfunctory performance.

The committee will be asked to find out whether the lands are being honestly and properly administered; whether the grazing industry in the Southwest is being driven to the wall because it cannot get the use of public grass lands on the right terms; whether our government's policy unduly hampers the prosperity and growth of the great Western states where the public lands lie; whether any relaxation in the policy of conservation would lead to the squandering of such natural resources as we still have in reserve. The people who are especially interested are those of Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, California, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. More than half of all the territory of these eleven states is public land. Much of it is desert, much of it has only scenic attractions, but much of it, too, is of very great value. Taken together, this vast Federal domain is twelve times the size of New York state, and as large as France, Italy, Spain, the British Isles and Denmark combined.

But the matter is of absorbing national as well as local interest. Every American who has views about the wisdom of the control of so much land within state borders by the national government, or who believes that we ought to prevent the extravagant and wasteful use of our great natural resources, should follow the proceedings at Washington with interest.

Nothing but heroic exertions and a good bit of luck got it away safely. The party came uncomfortably near being marooned helplessly on the floe and starving to death.

The navy planes that MacMillan took with him flew back and forth, up and down, for two or three weeks, searching in vain for a place where they could land and establish the advanced base that was necessary to an exploration of the western ice fields. They only found one fiord where the conditions were at all hopeful, and when they returned to it a few days later they found the open water gone and rough, ridged ice in its place.

The aviators are convinced that there is no place in the Far North where one can be sure enough of a continuance of favorable conditions to venture on establishing a flying base and a store of supplies. The land is everywhere rugged and inhospitable. The ice is everywhere rough and unstable. It does not appear that the airplane will ever conquer the crystal fastnesses of the polar seas.

But the advocates of the dirigible still insist that the Arctic can be explored from end to end by the great balloons. The lighter-than-air machines are not dependent on surface conditions. They can fly from and return to their own mooring-masts, and they can carry a supply of fuel very much greater than any plane; so their cruising radius is much more extensive. The danger is their liability to damage in storms, for they would have to be moored aloft where the wind can drive at them with all its fury. The recent disaster that wrecked the Shenandoah is gruesome evidence of the reality of that danger. Moreover, they are so expensive that no explorer would be likely to have the means to build one; and any government would think twice before risking so costly a craft among the perils and uncertainties of the polar ice.



WOOF!

FROM the vicinity of Yakima, Washington, comes the story of a man who, while driving an automobile truck, ran down a bear that confronted him on the road. He supposed he had killed the bear, but on going back found him enough alive to give him a busy few minutes.

We are glad to note the incident because it throws light on a matter that interests us, and interests our readers even more: namely, the supply of bears.

For several years naturalists and good sportsmen have been urging that bears be treated not as vermin, but as exterminated by every possible means, but as wild game, to be protected by a closed season, and to be taken only with the rifle. A bill prepared at the suggestion and with the assistance of many of the best-known sportsmen in America has narrowly—one might almost say barely—failed of becoming law in five or six of the great Western states. Its purpose was both to abolish the cruelty of the steel bear trap and to preserve one of our most interesting big-game animals.

We believe in the bill, not only because of the objects named, but also because bears are the raw material of bear stories, which, like buckwheat cakes and doughnuts, are among the inalienable rights of Americans. From the story of Elisha down to the latest newspaper item they have been an important and, we believe, an essential part of the mental diet; a sort of intellectual relish that gives appetite for more ordinary food and helps to digest it. Therefore we shall try always to have bear stories on our literary bill of fare.

But you cannot make good bear stories, any more than you can make good doughnuts, without the best of materials and the proper skill in putting them together, and so we take the utmost pains to select only the very best kind of bears, and to serve them with such accessories as give the proper tang and savor.

Some prefer only the largest-sized bears and the most remote and mountainous backgrounds. Others, like those who know the flavor of some small, home-grown apple, are better pleased with a runty bear whose wicked, beady eye shows that he is full of "pep." We therefore try to keep both kinds always in stock.

And then there is the matter of appearance. The bear must enter at the dramatic moment, either after a sibilant rustle among the leaves and the sharp snap of a twig breaking on the strained ears of the breathless listener, or he should rise suddenly imminent above a bush not more than ten feet away, or make known his presence in the dead of night by a hair-raising "woof!" at the corner of the cabin.

All of those important things we attend to with punctilious care. We do not allow the hero to make the mistake of hunting a black bear with a cinnamon-bear gun, or of using any kind of dog except the little yapping kind that will snap at the bear's hind legs and then spring away in time. In all modesty and humility, we believe that

no bears have longer claws or sharper teeth or more powerful forearms than Youth's Companion bears, or that any measure more "from tip to tip"; and we are certain that none have a louder or more horrific wof. In fact, we choose our bears especially for the wof; and we are glad to note that the Yakima bear wuffed satisfactorily when the truck hit him.



THE OBJECT OF POLITICAL LIFE

It is a long-established maxim that "the office should seek the man, not the man the office." It is evident that it is directed against the men who try to batten upon the commonwealth for their own advantage; who strive to win public station simply for the profit or notoriety that office confers. But we must be careful not to use the maxim so as to discourage the wise and good who often shun the service of the community for fear of being thought to seek it improperly.

We are all of us too much inclined to think of public office as meaning, not something to do, but something to get. We do not say it out loud; we do not even admit it to ourselves. But instinctively we consider that a man who has been useful in other lines, to his party, to his neighbors, to his church, ought to be rewarded by being sent to the legislature or to Congress, or by giving him some executive office, quite without regard to his training or fitness for those public functions.

Now the care and government of the community is a special business, and above all it is the greatest burden, the greatest responsibility, that can possibly be imposed upon any man. Praise, honor and reward may follow the successful discharge of that responsibility. They are not the first consider-

ation; they are not taken into account by any man who is really fit to take the responsibility upon him. The question that such a man asks is, Have I the powers and gifts that would make me useful to my country, and am I eager to devote those powers and gifts to that service? If he does not think so, rather than of any honor or reward, he is not the man the country wants, not the man it can afford to call upon.

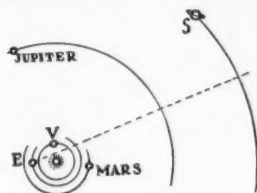
If, then, it is understood that public office means duty, not glory, why should a man not seek it? The question is not whether he seeks or whether he shuns, but whether he is fit. When you find a man whom you believe thoroughly able to perform a great public duty, and who asks to be allowed to do it, vote for him and be glad you have the chance.



THE STARS THIS WEEK

THE two planets Venus and Saturn are very close together now in the western sky. The lower and brighter one is Venus. Night by night Venus will move farther to the left of Saturn.

Both are moving round the sun in the



same direction as the earth. But Venus travels twenty-two miles a second, and Saturn only six miles a second. That is why Saturn is so quickly left behind.

The diagram shows how Venus (V) keeps its place in the sky (even rising a little more each night), while Saturn (S) is sinking steadily into the glow of the sunset. The dotted line is the limit of twilight. As the earth (E) swings round, the twilight line swings as though pivoted just over the sun. The end of the line near Saturn swings more rapidly, like the long end of a lever. The end at E moves with the earth, eighteen miles a second, downward; the end near S goes up nine times as fast, which is twenty-seven times as fast as Saturn is going. Therefore, Saturn will soon appear only in the twilight, and by the end of November it will be lost to sight in the brilliance of the sunset. But Venus moves so as to keep just outside the twilight limit for several months.

Saturn is the planet with the wonderful rings. Profound mathematical analysis has revealed that they are swarms of tiny moons circling about the planet. But they look like solid rings to us, and if we could see them from the surface of the planet itself we should think the sky was filled with the most wonderful gleaming rainbows, but the bands of light would be without color. Try to get a look at Saturn through a good telescope, for it will soon leave the evening sky for eight months. You will need a telescope that will make a distant tree look at least fifteen times as high as it seems to the unaided eye in order to see the planet well.

The rings were first seen by Galileo in 1610, but as they were like nothing else in the known universe, and as his telescope (just invented) was none too good, he could not make out what they were. When he looked at them again after the planet's long disappearance, like the one now impending, the rings were turned with their edges toward the earth, and he could not see them at all. "Some demon mocked me," he declared. The rings are now tipped in a very favorable position for observation.

THIS BUSINESS WORLD



Another Coal Strike

The regularly recurring strike in the anthracite coal industry, which those who use the fuel have come to expect every few years, was declared on September 1. The ground of dispute is the miners' demand for more pay and for the collection of union dues by the employers through withholding the money from the envelopes of the workers. Both parties begin the strike with a loudly announced determination not to give in, and Mr. Lewis, the leader of the miners, is equally sure that he will not consent to arbitration. The public views the situation with less apprehension than used to be the case. People in the anthracite-using states have learned that oil, coke and soft coal will all burn, and they are burning more of them every year. Anthracite is a convenience, but there is a price at which convenience is not worth purchasing.

Canada's Railway Problem

The Canadian railway problem is not like our own. It is, What shall be done about the Canadian National Railways, which are now operated by the government at an annual loss of \$100,000,000? These roads do not form a coherent and logical system, and some of them were taken over by the government after they had been bankrupted by building costly extensions that never paid their way. Some Canadians who are hard-and-fast believers in public ownership want the government to keep on running the roads, no matter what effect that policy has on the tax rate. Others will not be happy until the government gets out of the railway business for good and all. One plan is for a consolidation of the National Railways with the privately owned Canadian Pacific with a board of directors chosen partly by the Canadian Pacific, partly by the government and partly by these two groups acting together. The Canadian Pacific stockholders would be given a guaranteed dividend, and the National Railways would share in the surplus if there proved to be any. But as the Canadian Pacific is extremely prosperous by itself it is not likely that it would be

eager to take on lines that are losing money heavily. Moreover, there would be an end to competitive service everywhere in Canada. Sooner or later the whole question will boil over into politics, and a general election may be held on the issue.

Spurring on the Seeds

The Bulgarian minister to Germany, whose name is Popoff, is a chemist of ability as well as a diplomat. If the reports that come from Berlin are true, he has found out how to stimulate the growth of the important food and textile crops so as to produce a crop from thirty to eighty per cent larger than normal. He saturates the seeds in a chemical compound of his own preparation, for ten hours before he plants them. That is all there is to it, but Professor Popoff says that that is enough. He has tried his methods on cotton, rice, wheat, tobacco and certain garden vegetables and reports that they all respond surprisingly. He is anxious that the cotton growers of America should turn over to him a big plantation where he could demonstrate to the world the importance of his discovery.

Niagara Falls Cuts Its Throat

Secretary Hoover warns us that the falls at Niagara are slowly but surely "committing suicide." They are doing this by wearing down and cutting deeper the channel in

the middle of the fall, thereby diverting water from both the Canadian and the American end. The result is, first, to diminish the amount of water that can be used for power purposes, since that is naturally taken from near the bank at the end of the fall, where it is led away into the canals, and, second, to narrow the falls and greatly impair their scenic beauty. The logical result, if nothing is done to interfere with the process, would be the wearing of a trench among the rocks back from the middle of the falls, and eventually the transformation of the falls into a furiously tumbling rapid. That, of course, is a long way in the future, as men's lives go, but the loss in power and in beauty is going on every day, and Mr. Hoover wants engineering works undertaken to put a stop to it.

Prophets of Revolution

Mr. A. J. Cook, the secretary of the British Miners' Federation, is a man of whom more may yet be heard. He is at present very vocal; he predicts a revolution next May, unless every demand of the Federation is granted, exults over the recent arrangement by which Premier Baldwin prevented a coal strike this fall, as a sound whipping for the government, warns the government not to depend on the army and navy in case of trouble, and declares himself highly favorable to the communist philosophy. It is not surprising that an industry in such straits as the British coal industry should throw up labor leaders who can see no hope except in violent measures; but we do not believe that Great Britain is in any mood to submit to the threats of Mr. Cook. But if he has the courage of his convictions and the support of his union, he can make the situation of the country even more unhappy next spring. It may have been after reading some of Mr. Cook's remarks that a well-known American astrologer, visiting England, declared that the stars foretold the suppression of free speech in Great Britain on September 29, a long coal strike next winter, a radical "dictator" in 1926, and a British republic in 1928 led by Lloyd George and Winston Churchill!

Next Week

MANY WATERS, by Elizabeth Sears Williams
"HEY, WILLIE!" by Frances L. Cooper
PROTECTING PEGGY, by Winifred Kirkland
THE BIOLOGY OF WORDS, by Robert P. Utter
SILVER DRIFT, by Frank Lillie Pollock

Home Comfort Bread and Cake CABINET

CONSERVATION of food is a big household item in these days of high prices, and anything which leads to prevent waste and preserve food stuffs is a great economy. For this reason alone—and there are many others—you will find the Home Comfort Bread and Cake Cabinet a decided saving in household expense.

It will preserve the freshness of your batch of bread to the last crumb; it will keep cakes, pies, cookies, and biscuits in an appetizing condition for many days—because it is constructed with a ventilating system that keeps the fresh air circulating through it at all times.

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The Cabinet offered is 20 inches high, 13½ inches wide, 11 inches deep, and made of high-grade galvanized steel with an aluminum finish, which will neither rust nor corrode. The two shelves can be removed for cleaning—or the whole cabinet can be taken apart and put together in a few minutes.



OUR OFFER

Ask a friend or a neighbor, not now taking the paper, to let you send in her subscription for The Youth's Companion. Send us the subscription money \$2.00, with 65 cents extra, and we will reward you with this fine Bread and Cake Cabinet. Or the Cabinet may be purchased for \$2.50.

THE Cabinet is collapsible and will be sent by express or parcel post, charges to be paid by the receiver. If parcel-post shipment is desired, ask your postmaster how much postage you should send for an 11-lb. package. All orders shipped from St. Paul, Minn.

The Youth's Companion
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

The August Lord Wind of Night

by Blanche Elizabeth Wade

ONCE upon a time the august Lord Wind of Night went upon a journey. He rose a little before sunset for the trip, refreshed himself with the evening dew and robed himself in mist gray and the blues of midnight. He was therefore so invisible that only the Stars and the little new Moon Smile of Heaven could see him.

"Whi-i-s-sh!" he breathed gently as he set out. "The joys of the night are mine. I can do as I like," and he mischievously blew into the hollow of an ancient tree to waken O-Wise, the Owl, and call him a lazy fellow for being so late in coming from his snug bed in the quiet tree.

The august Lord Wind of Night laughed softly when the startled sleepyhead opened his great eyes and, in his hurry to get out of his



Sleepyhead opened his great eyes

hollow to let the world know that he was on hand to tell them any wisdom they cared to know, nearly lost his balance and fell from his perch. What a fine joke my Lord Wind of Night had played upon O-Wise! Old O-Wise had been made to rise in a fluster for once instead of taking his time and making a calm appearance at his post. How silly the startled bird looked trying to get a firm foothold upon the limb nearest his home and calling his "Whoo-oo-oo!" in such an excited, quivery voice! The august Lord Wind of Night laughed again softly at the sound of the call, which always before had been given with such a peaceful tone and in a plaintive way that was much more pleasing than this strange, ridiculous note.

"I shall have fun indeed," thought the night traveler. "How fortunate I am to be invisible! I can do as I like. I need not be at all particular about my manners. Manners and behavior are all right for those who can be seen, but since I cannot be seen, why should I give them a



DRAWINGS BY W. M. BERGER

His poem was gone

thought? For one night in my life I shall drop my manners," and he began to dance in glee.

Then he left the place of trees and caught a glimpse of the Stars and the Smile of Heaven, and one of the Stars, the great Star of Evening, seemed like a bright eye that followed him as he danced along the shore of a little river. For a moment he stopped as if caught in his mischief and was still. But there came a chance to swoop suddenly upon a clump of arrow-plant leaves upon which rested one of the night singers, a frail insect with pale green gauzy wings. The small insect was hurled by the force into the water and had hard work struggling to the shore. Besides, the fright had stopped the song he was tuning to sing, and the night lost one of the best musicians for that time.

How the august Lord Wind of Night laughed over that affair! But the Smile in the Sky was sinking. As for the Bright Star of Evening, it once more made my Lord Wind stop for a bit.

"I'll get away from here," he thought and made a quick rush with such a mad cry of wildness in it that

the little Marsh Hen dreaming among the river grasses fell into the water in terror while the august Lord Wind of Night doubled up with laughter.

But when once more he straightened himself he thought all the Stars were watching him. It quite stopped his fun until he saw another chance to forget his manners, and this time it was the stately Emperor Stork asleep in the marshes to be frightened from his great peace. He rose in the air and flew away from the river. In his hurried flight he cried to his good friend Heron one warning note. Friend Heron, perched upon a low swaying limb overhanging the rushes uttered a cry and joined brother Stork flying inland.

"See!" cried the august Lord Wind of Night. "More than ever have I found the joy of doing as I like," and he could not stop his mirth at the thought of proud Emperor Stork and good little white Heron having to forget their stateliness and forced to beat the air to escape from him.

Ah, but the great Star and the other Stars looked so sternly at him that he almost gave up further



Friend Heron uttered a cry

mischievous. But when there was fun to be had, with all the night before him, he would not give up his chances, and he put forth all his strength and blew inland, taking the direction of the two he had sent flying that way.

Now it happened that the quiet of the night had brought into the gardens of a certain Prince a Poet who had been given this one chance of spending the night there for the purpose of writing for the Prince a poem in praise of the gardens. The Prince was proud of those gardens. He would pay a large sum for a poem that he thought worthy of them. The Poet had been asked to write a poem that would give an idea of the gardens at night. If it succeeded in making a reader feel and see the peace of the lovely place, the reward would be greater than the sum of money offered. If the poem failed, it would mean the Poet's ruin; no one ever would think much of any poem he might write thereafter.

Only one night would be allowed the Poet to set down his thoughts, and this was the night upon which the august Lord Wind of Night, having swooped inland, found the Poet with a glow of joy upon his face. With quick brush strokes he had set down upon his scroll thoughts that he had tried for a long time to catch. Now, tired from his long hours of hard thinking, he slept.

My Lord Wind of Night saw the smile of the sleeping man, and, gathering force yet untried, he tossed into the air off and away the scroll, the brushes and a whirl of leaves and choice blossoms. He tore the gardens to shreds of ruined foliage and bloom. His success made him gather yet more force. He swept away a fragile bridge and overturned the stone lantern of a hill pathway. The gar-



For a moment he stopped

dens of the Prince were no more the subject worthy a poem.

The Poet started up in such fear that he shook from head to foot. His poem was gone! The thoughts he had put into it he could not recall. Besides, would not the Prince think it was he who had wrecked the gardens.

But this time my Lord Wind of Night was the one who shook. His laugh died away, for all the Stars were winking angrily at him, and the Sky Smile had disappeared. Only the angry eyes blinked and blinked as the august Lord Wind of Night scurried back to the woods and drew his midnight blue robes about him. No longer would he be great and august. No longer would he be called Lord Wind of Night. Oh, that he had not been so wicked! Something was

crying to him. He roused from his sorrow to listen—why, it was all a dream!

Ah, what a joy to find that he had not been guilty of one of those pranks! The night was before him. He must be off to whisper gentle

things to the singing insect, the Marsh Hen, the Stork, the Heron, and help the Poet to win. My Lord Wind of Night bowed low to the sweet Smile of Heaven and the Stars and gave thanks for—what do you think?—why, for good manners!



The little Marsh Hen fell into the water

The Little Brothers of the Lawn-Mower

By Ralph Bergengren

Every day in summer
The green grass grows.
Every week in summer
The lawn-mower mows.

Even while a
Boy is mowing
All the time the
Grass is growing.

IT was Johnny's business to mow his father's lawn, and Henry's to mow his father's, and so on through the neighborhood with James, William, Horatio and Robert. And so it seemed as if some boy in that neighborhood was running a lawn-mower all the time.

"I wish grass didn't grow so fast," said John to Henry, who had been going by where he was mowing the lawn, and had stopped for a moment of polite conversation.

"We're all going in swimming," said Henry. "But I s'pose you'll have to stay here and push that old lawn-mower."

"That's just what I have to do," said John. "I don't mind cutting the grass, but it seems as if one of us was always cutting grass when we want to do anything."

"Some one of us is," said Henry. "When you're not cutting grass, I'm cutting grass, or else it's Bill or Jim or Horatio or Robert."

"Somebody's got to cut it if you're going to have a lawn," said John. "But it does take an awful long time."

"I've got an idea," said Henry. "You just keep on pushing that lawn-mower, and I'm going to see what the other fellows think of it."

So Henry went on down the street and John kept on pushing his lawn-mower and wondering what Henry had in his mind. And for some time nothing unusual happened. John just pushed his lawn-mower back and forth, and back and forth, and wished somebody else would come along and stop for a few moments of polite conversation.

And then down the street came Henry and William and James and Robert and Horatio, each dragging a lawn-mower.

"We've formed a society," said Henry. "We call ourselves the Little Brothers of the Lawn-mower. Want to join?"

"What does the society do?" asked John.

"It cuts grass," said Henry. "When one brother has to mow a lawn, all the other brothers are sworn to bring their lawn-mowers and help mow it."

"I'd like to join," said John. "That's a great society."

And after that every morning the Little Brothers of the Lawn-mower met and mowed a lawn with one of the brotherhood. And they did it so quickly that it was almost like not having to mow a lawn at all.

OFFICIAL BUSINESS

By Clara SeLegue

To Autumn, Lord High Treasurer for Nineteen Twenty-five
The South Wind, special envoy of His Majesty the Sun,
Sends warmest greetings and herewith submits respectfully,
His quarterly report upon the business he has done:

Four million roses brought to bloom;
All wheat fields painted gold;
Nine million birds transported
north;

Much corn unwrapped and sold
At profit to King Winter's camp.
Have cornered Flowers, Preferred;
Some debts for red and pink and
blue

And yellow paints incurred.

Not much importing done, except
Some special birds I found,
And Oriental poppies—both
Investments safe and sound.

You take possession here; I'm off
For Florida. Inquire
At Cloud Eighteen for private keys.
In haste,

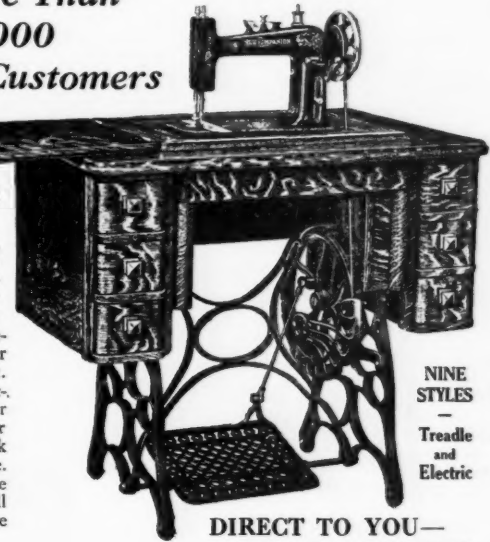
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A GARDEN IN ANTIGUA

By John Hanlon

The garden had been copied from a dream,
Encircled by a saffron croton hedge
And red hibiscus bloom; a purple stream
Of buginvillea laughed across a ledge
Of coral rock where roses were enshrined;
And frangipani trees, whose branches housed
Amid the blossoms brilliant birds, entwined
Sweet boughs above a pool where lotus drowsed

An alien in this exotic place,
A smile upon her pale New England face,
The gracious lady of the garden walked
Along her flaming corridors and talked,
With a wan wistfulness that wounds me yet,
Of northern buttercups and mignonette.

"OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES"

WHEN, more than a hundred years ago, Robert Morrison wished to go as a missionary to China he had to go from England by way of New York City. Here he received a letter for the American consul at Canton from the Secretary of State, James Madison. But while he was in New York Morrison became seriously ill. A kind gentleman took him to his own home and put him in his own bed. In the same bedchamber, in her little crib, slept a child. They thought it a pity to disturb her and were as quiet as they could be. After seeing Morrison as comfortable as he could make him, the gentleman retired. Some time afterward, the little girl awakened and turned to her father's bed. Seeing a stranger there, she was alarmed. She stood up in her crib, gripped its sides and looked at the man steadily for a moment or two, trying to decide what she should do. At last, fixing her eyes upon the stranger, she said:

"Man, do you pray to God?"

"Oh, yes, my dear," came the quick response, "every day. God is my best friend."

The answer seemed to reassure the child. She looked earnestly at him a moment more, then sank slowly down into her crib, laid her head again upon her pillow and fell asleep.

Morrison declared that he never forgot the lesson of confidence and faith that this little girl taught him, and that even amidst the hardships of his missionary work, pioneering for Christianity amongst cunning, ignorant, jealous and murderous heathen, he was always able to lay himself down and sleep, a stranger in a strange land, but ever under the protection of Almighty God.

THE THORN TREE

THE thorn had attained a height of four feet and in another year would be a small tree. It was a menace to the garden. There was nothing for it but an axe. Low hanging branches, every branch equipped with its full quota of thorns and every thorn fully two inches in length, combined to make the task unattractive. However, the minister went down flat on the ground and wriggled under the miniature tree with a hand axe. Since then he has read in the books that the thorn is one of the toughest of woods. He learned it that morning by actual experience.

The minister had one old and two young dogs. While he was under the thorn the two half-grown dogs, full of play, seeing their master in that strange posture, supposed, apparently, that it was some kind of game. Heedless of thorns, albeit with many a yelp of pain, the dogs crawled under the tree far enough to lap the man's face and to maul him with their clumsy paws. The more the parson protested the more the pups pawed him. With his clothes torn and his hands scratched, he emerged resolved to let some one else chop down the tree.

For many days after that the minister wondered why the good Lord had created the spiny nuisances of the Crataegus family. Surely they served no good purpose. But later that summer he learned that even the wild thorn has its uses. While working in the garden one morning he observed his pointer dog looking intently into the sky. There he saw a huge chicken hawk in hot pursuit of a mocking bird. Twice the bird changed its course, but the hawk was the more agile and gained ground both times.

Almost in the claws of its pursuer, the mocking bird changed its course again. It doubled back toward the meadow, turned head downward and, with its wings closed, dropped in a "nose dive" straight down into the branches of a large thorn tree. The bird, panting from the exertion, was safely ensconced, not even scratched by the thorns. And the hawk, checking its dive with des-

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAU STUDIOS, INC.



Fremiet's Maid of Orleans in Fairmount Park

WHEN JOAN OF ARC CROSSED THE ATLANTIC

ONE of the great statues of the world is that of Joan of Arc by the French sculptor Fremiet. Of gilded bronze, it stands in the Rue de Rivoli in Paris overlooking the garden of the Tuileries near the spot where Joan was wounded in battle. There is also a replica of the famous statue in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. How many know that the Philadelphia statue is the original work, and that it stood for many years on the pedestal in the Rue de Rivoli? That is one of the romances of art; it has only recently been discovered—or at least proved—by Mr. Thomas Hastings, the great American architect.

The Joan of Arc was Fremiet's greatest work, the one that made him famous, the one for which he had the greatest affection. He toiled at it for years, and even after it was erected in Paris and praised by the entire world it did not entirely satisfy him. He continued to work on his conception in the retirement of his studio and finally produced another Joan, almost a replica of the first one, but in his opinion a little finer in its details and its general effect. This statue he cast in bronze at his own expense, and then he asked permission to substitute it for the first one.

The French government appointed a committee of artists to pass upon the new statue. They admired it, of course, but decided that the original was, if anything, the more beautiful. So the government

decided not to make the change that the sculptor desired.

About 1900 they began to build a subway under the Rue de Rivoli. The statue of Joan had to be removed until the excavation was finished, and it was taken to Fremiet's studio for safekeeping. When the time came to put it up again Fremiet asked that it might be gilded before being again set upon its pedestal, and the government agreed. For many years the shining heroine sat her horse in the Rue de Rivoli without anyone's suspecting that she was not the original Joan. Then the gilding began to wear off a little. It was observed that the bronze beneath was fresh and untarnished. It had not the stained and weathered patina of the old statue, which had stood so long in the open air. An investigation was made. It appeared that Fremiet had played a trick on Paris. He had got the statue he preferred substituted for the original one and had it gilded in order that the exchange should not be noticed! The sculptor had his way at last.

Fremiet of course had had to dispose of the other statue as secretly as possible. It was sold—some say for as little as \$5000—to an American, brought over to the United States without any parade and set up quietly in Fairmount Park. Only a very few people were in the secret, and they kept it well. It was only by chance that Mr. Hastings got possession of the facts that complete the story.

perate haste, made sullenly off. It had learned, perhaps by experience, that since it was so much larger it could not safely hazard the thorns on the closely knit branches.

So the minister learned that even the thorn has its uses. Soon after that he met a farmer who permits several thorn trees to grow on his farm, having observed that they are a haven of refuge for song birds, and that mocking birds delight to build their nests in these trees. Not being fighting birds, the songsters use the thorns as their armored homes. Their sweet melodies are the farmer's reward for cultivating the thorn trees.

PAYING BY CHECK

A GENERATION ago there was virtually no money in use among the planter folk of many Southern states. Except when a journey to distant points required the lining of a purse, as George Cary Eggleston writes in *Recollections of a Varied Life*, there was no talk whatever about money or the things

that relate to money. Except in the very smallest way the planters did not use money in their daily lives. They rarely bought anything directly, and they never thought of selling anything, except in planter fashion, through accredited agencies. Once a year they shipped the tobacco and the wheat their fields had produced to the city for a commission merchant to sell. The commission merchant held a considerable part of the proceeds to a planter's credit, and when the planter wanted anything of consequence he simply wrote to the commission merchant to buy it for him. The rest of the money from the sale of the plantation products was deposited in a bank to the planter's account. If the women-folk went to town on a shopping expedition, they bought whatever they wanted in the stores and had it "charged," for every planter's credit was limitless in the shops. When the bill was rendered, the planter drew a check to discharge it. He had nothing like the

modern blank check book. He simply wrote his check at the top of a sheet of foolscap, stating what it was to pay for, and courteously asking the bank "please" to pay the amount.

This custom of paying by check so strongly commended itself to a certain unworldly parson of my time that he resorted to it on one occasion in entire innocence of the necessity of having a bank deposit as a preliminary to the drawing of checks. He went to Richmond and bought a year's supplies for his little place,—it was too small to be called a plantation,—and for each purchase he drew a particularly polite check. When the banks refused to pay them, on the ground that their author had no account the poor old parson could not understand the situation. He had thought that the banks were established to cash checks for persons who happened to be short of money.

"Why, if I'd had the money in the bank," he explained, "I shouldn't have written the checks at all; I should have got the money and paid the bills."

Fortunately the matter came to the knowledge of a well-to-do and generous planter who knew the parson and happened to be in Richmond at the time. His indorsement made the checks good and saved the unworldly old man a deal of trouble.

TOO SWEET

BAKED beans, brown bread and fish balls are scarcely more characteristic products of New England kitchens than is brewse of those of Newfoundland, reports Mr. A. Eugene Bartlett in his recent interesting book, *Least Known America*. He partook of it while visiting St. Johns and passes a favorable verdict upon it.

"The meal consists," he says, "of the brewse, a kind of hard bread, resembling the hard-tack of Civil War days, which is usually made about the size of a man's fist and is soaked and boiled like potatoes. Over this is placed boiled shredded codfish—the salted cod—and pork and bacon scraps. It makes a very good meal, a much better one, I think, than a plate dinner, which consists of boiled fresh cod, a kind of sweet pudding, cabbage and potatoes, served on one plate, with a liberal quantity of molasses poured over all. If they would only omit the molasses!"

Tastes differ. Most of our readers would probably prefer the salt and savory brewse to cabbage, pudding and potatoes soaked in indiscriminate sweetness. But molasses, little used as a table sirup nowadays, was no less favored by our forefathers than it is today by the housewives of Newfoundland. A favorite and familiar old-time anecdote in the family of Deacon Nathaniel Willis, *The Companion's* founder, related how a minister, visiting at the home of one of his parishioners, had passed his plate for buck-wheat cakes. His hostess heaped it abundantly and then began to pour molasses over the pile. The molasses jug tilted higher and higher, and the dark and sticky stream flowed and flowed, despite a few politely feeble murmurs of protest from the guest as he viewed the rising flood. Finally he spoke more vigorously: "Really, ma'am, that is quite enough—more than enough; you are giving me much too much!"

With a bland smile and a little shake of the head his hostess disposed of his remonstrance.

"Oh, no," she said generously continuing to pour. "There can't be too much molasses for the minister."

THE WATERMELON THIEVES

PERHAPS the reader has noticed sometimes, on coming from the "big top," or main tent, of a circus at night, that things seem strange, and that you reach freedom from the dense crowds much sooner than you had believed possible? That, says Mr. Courtney Ryley Cooper in *Lions 'n' Tigers 'n' Everything*, is because half the circus has departed while you have been watching the performance; the menagerie, midway, horse tents, blacksmith shop, cookhouse and virtually everything except the big top itself has been dismantled and loaded on the cars. Already it is rushing on toward the next stand.

On one night, I remember, while the performers worked away in the big top the section crew labored furiously in the car-bide-illuminated stretches of the railway yards, getting the first section out as quickly as possible. At last the loading was finished, the conductor gave the signal, the "high-ball" whistle piped from the engine, and the train began slowly to move.

Only to halt again, however, for the quick-winking lanterns flashed out an emergency,

or "wash-out," signal. A "car-knocker" had run yelping from the depths of the shadows, in a panic of excitement.

"Robbers!" he gasped. "Robbers down there in one of those cars! They hit me on the head!"

"Hit you?" The conductor stared. "What with?"

"A watermelon! Threw it down at me from on top of the car when I bent over to look at the journals."

"But—why a watermelon?"

"Well, I guess it was all they had. Anyway, it was enough! It nearly knocked me out. There are robbers on that car, I'm telling you. Getting out of town with their swag probably."

It was enough to hold the train. A call went out for the town marshal, who responded with six hastily summoned deputies. Accompanied by circus men with tent stakes and "laying-out pins," the marshal started down the dark lane beside the railway cars.

The posse reached the spot of the assault, and the marshal demanded a surrender. There was no reply, save a queer sound as of tremendous things skating about inside one of the cars, and a sound of eager crunching. Again was the command given, but no one surrendered. Then some one pressed the button of a flashlight. This is what the excited posse saw.

Within the "bull car" eight elephants were having the time of their lives. They were skating and slipping and sliding about, in a mass of crushed watermelons, their mouths dripping with the fruit, their heads and shoulders sticky and wet with the juice. The whole floor of the car was as slippery as a skating pond. A railway representative arrived, became pompous, and announced:

"There'll have to be an arrest made; can't have you circus men stealing watermelons from railway property—"

The boss animal man grinned. "All right," he said. "Go right ahead; but it's elephants you'll have to arrest!"

In verification of his words the trunk of the biggest elephant shot forth, between the bars of the "bull car" and into the recesses of a watermelon car on the next track. It came forth a second later with another tid-bit, which was dragged into the elephant car, thrown to the floor, and skated upon in kittenish fashion by the rest of the herd as the animals rushed greedily forward to devour it. The elephants had scented the watermelons, reached forth, broken the seal of the car and pushed open the door. Evidently the arrival of the car-knocker had frightened one of the thieves, and it had dropped the melon it was purloining at that instant squarely on the head of the man.

Thieving by elephants is indeed a rather common occurrence. The worst of it is that they cannot be punished for it. In spite of all you hear about the cruelties that are practiced upon animals, it is next to impossible to punish an elephant; and then only for some major offense, such as deliberate attempt at murder. For minor offenses you can do little more than scold. The elephant takes a scolding a good deal like a small boy; he appears dreadfully downcast, cries and trumpets, goes to his knees as though to promise that it never will happen again, and then, at the first opportunity, proceeds to repeat his offense.

MR. SPIDER, FISHERMAN

THE idea of a creature like a spider actually catching fish and eating them is a startling one, but a writer in *Natural History* claims that there are well-authenticated cases on record. He quotes from the observations of the Rev. Nendick Abraham, a South African clergyman and naturalist, who reported before the Natal Scientific Society some interesting instances of the kind.

In the year 1905, says Mr. Abraham, I was living in Greytown, Natal. One day I was catching small fish and aquatic insects for an aquarium, using a small net in a shallow stream. I happened to see on the edge of the water a fine spider, which I captured. On reaching home I put my specimen in a large aquarium, where I had a number of small fish. The spider measured about three inches when its legs were extended; after being on the rockwork of the aquarium for some time, it took up a very unusual position. It rested two legs on a stone; the other six rested on the water, well spread out.

Being busy, I merely took note of its attitude and left it to its devices. After a few minutes my servant boy came into my study to say that the spider I had put into

the aquarium was eating one of my pet fish. I at once went to see what had happened. The spider was on top of the rockwork, holding in its grip a beautiful little fish about four times the weight of its captor. I was startled enough. How could this spider, which has no power of swimming, catch a lively, quick-swimming fish? I looked at it in wonder, as it seemed to clutch the fish as a cat clutches a mouse. It soon began to devour its catch, and after some time had passed nothing was left of the fish but its backbone. The spider had eaten it as surely as an otter eats its trout.

I was now anxious to find out how the spider caught the fish. That night, about eleven o'clock, when I had finished my day's work, I sat down by the aquarium to watch the spider. The spider had taken up a position on a piece of stone, where the water was not deep, and had thrown out its long legs over the water, upon which their extremities rested, making little depressions on the surface, but not breaking the "water skin." With its two hinder legs it firmly held on to a piece of rock just above water level; the head was about in the centre of the cord of legs, and very near to the surface of the water.

After watching for a little time, I saw a small fish swim toward the stone and pass under the outstretched legs of the spider. The spider made a swift and sudden plunge. Its long legs, head and body went entirely under the water, the legs were thrown round the fish with wonderful rapidity and in a moment the powerful fangs had pierced the body of the fish. The spider at once brought its catch to the rocks and began without delay to eat it. Slowly, but surely, the fish began to disappear, and after the lapse of some minutes the repast was over.

BETWEEN FIRE AND WATER

AMONG the swamps and bayous of Louisiana there are many people of French descent. They form little communities, oftentimes cut off entirely from the mainland. Here they live their lives in isolation, hunting, fishing, trapping and hiring out themselves and their boats to guide duck hunters. These people speak a French peculiar to this section, the Cajun dialect, and many of them can speak little or no English.

Louis Fournet was a man of this type. He lived on the bank of a bayou where it widened into a considerable lake. Here was some ten or fifteen acres of land cut off by a swamp from the mainland. Louis lived here happily with his young wife and five pretty children. Pierre, who was eight, was the oldest, then Louie, René, Jean and baby Marie only seven months old. Celeste, the wife, was as fond of the water as her husband. They had a staunch little launch, which they called the Lady Isobel. When Louis went out in his boat shrimp-fishing he very often took all the family, unless the weather was too rough.

One beautiful afternoon late in September this happy little family boarded the Lady Isobel and chugged serenely out into the lake, which was really an arm of the Gulf. Louis fished along the way, and the children fished over the sides of the boat for crabs, their mother helping them while baby Marie lay asleep in the small cabin. Finally the waning sun warned them that it was time to turn homeward.

Louis lit the cabin lamp with a tin reflector and hung it over the engine. Celeste was sitting in the door of the tiny cabin and dreamily watching the receding waters as the dusk grew into darkness. The little boys were playing with the seines, which had been hurriedly thrown on the deck. All at once as the boat rolled the lamp fell from its nail and struck upon a can of gasoline, which Louis knocked over in his effort to reach and smother the flames from the spilled kerosene.

The gasoline ran out upon the planks and fed the flames, which leaped higher and higher in spite of Louis's desperate efforts to extinguish them. The children and Celeste were frantic with terror. Though they had lived all their lives on and near the water, neither Celeste nor any of the children could swim. They were still several miles from shore, and no one was in sight to give aid. The life preservers were cut off by the flames, and they carried no small boat in tow; but Louis always kept a coil of rope on deck.

He now seized the end of the rope, tied it to the stern of the boat, and jumped into the water with his seven months old baby in his arms. He swam until he stretched the rope taut, then he held it with one arm and

his baby under the other while he trod water to keep himself up. He called to Celeste to put the children and herself out on this perilous dipping rope, and there they hung like clothes on a line. The flames were fast consuming the boat. They had to keep splashing water on the rope so that it would not catch fire. The situation grew more desperate every minute.

At last another boat, attracted by the sight of the flames, came to their rescue. Olly Gautier and Jacques LaBlanc manned it. They dared not approach too closely for fear their own boat would catch fire. So they threw out two life preservers. These went wide and Louis had to swim to get them, holding up his family on the tautened rope as he went. He seized the life preservers and passed them to Celeste. The end of the life line could not be kept up with the two life preservers, and they let go of the burning boat.

The rescuing party passed them the second time and threw out a rope to Celeste, which she caught. But the speed of the boat was too great for her, and she was jerked away from the life preservers and lost her hold on the rope they had passed to her. Louis let the life preservers go, called on his remaining strength and swam after the boat until he caught the drifting rope. He then swam back to his sinking wife and children, who were holding hands, caught the hand of his two-year-old boy, Jean, and pulled them all safely to the boat. All this time he had been holding baby Marie under his arm. The friends helped them all safely to the deck of their boat and ministered quickly to their needs. They were almost drowned and utterly exhausted, and Louis most of all.

THE ALL-IMPORTANT FOXES

IN *The Passing Years*, a recent volume of reminiscences, the late Lord Willoughby de Broke has almost as much to say about horses, dogs and foxes as of men. Fox-hunting was his chief delight. At Oxford the bursar of his college, noting the excellent mental gifts of the young man, urged him to read harder and take honors.

"I listened to him," records Lord Willoughby de Broke, "and knew in my heart he was right. But it would mean reading seven hours a day. How was I to hunt if I were to read seven hours a day?"

That was decisive: to curtail his hunting was not to be thought of. But hunting was generally regarded respectfully in those days, even by the university authorities. Once, for some minor offense, the fox-hunting student was summoned before the warden, Dr. Sewall.

"When I got his message," says Lord Willoughby, "I was fully dressed in red coat and top-boots and was about to catch a train for Banbury to hunt with my father. To miss the train was unthinkable. So I put on my cap and gown, a gown that did not even reach as low as the tails of my coat, and was therefore useless for the purpose of concealment, and was shown into his library. There he sat behind his writing-table, pink-faced, white-tied, black-coated, silvery-haired. With an exhibition of perfect good taste, he ignored my strange costume and began to talk.

"The fact is, sir," I interrupted, "I am just going out hunting, and if I don't go at once I shall miss the train."

"I have never hunted," said the kind old gentleman, "but I have always understood that it is a great offense for a fox-hunter to be late at the meet. You may go now, and come back here to see me tomorrow."

Lord Willoughby de Broke was an example of a disappearing type: the old British, feudal landowner and sporting gentleman, to whom few things in life loomed as important as the hunt. Yet of its even greater importance in his father's day he has an interesting anecdote to relate. When one of the earliest English railways desired, in 1844, to extend the line through a particularly excellent fox sanctuary known as Ladbroke Gorse, its legal representatives wrote to Sir Hugh Williams, secretary of the Warwickshire Hunt, concerning the matter. He wrote instantly and indignantly in reply: "After an enormous outlay and perseverance for several years in establishing the cover, now that we look to finding foxes in it (in the finest grass country in Europe) you contemplate bringing a railway either through it or close by and thus blasting all our hopes.

"In common fairness, I therefore call upon you, if the above is your intention, to pay us down without loss of time a thousand pounds to go elsewhere and do the best we

can in forming another cover. We shall be the losers even then, putting out of question our grievous disappointment, which I value to the Hunt at more than you will ever pay."

But the foxes won. The intimidated railway people left them undisturbed in their covert and went another way.

SNAKE-EATING FROGS

TO the question which has already been put in *The Companion*, whether there is good evidence that frogs do sometimes dine upon snakes a reader from Oregon contributes an interesting answer.

I am sure, she says, that anyone who has ever dressed frogs for market will agree with me that a frog's appetite is limited only by the size of his throat, and that anything small enough to go down he will swallow.

As a child I lived in northern New York. A New England Yankee, first cousin to the late Susan B. Anthony, came among us and with real Yankee enterprise built a large ice house on my father's farm, thirty miles from the source of the Hudson River in the Tear of the Clouds. Mr. Hoxie—for that was his name—also bought all sorts of wild meats, bears, deer, game birds, fish and even frogs!

The waters thereabouts were well peopled by bullfrogs, old patriarchal fellows, whose bellowing could be heard for miles when the wind was right. Being only a girl, I did not often accompany the boys on their frogging expeditions, but I did help in dressing the game. I often found in the maw of a big frog another half-digested frog half as large as his host. Once I found six little snakelets about three inches long and once a garter snake fully eighteen inches long. Only the pearly pink "saddles" were saved for market, and those who have never tasted these saddles fried in deep fat have no idea how delicious they are. I have known people to eat them with great gusto, thinking them birds.

People at Saratoga Springs, which in those days was the centre of fashion, did not quibble at eating frogs. Twice each week during the season Mr. Hoxie sent a big wagonload of frozen game of all kinds to "the Springs," and by another year bears, deer and frogs were less plenty.

It was said of the locality that for years the frogs never shouted "You're drunk! You're drunk! So, so, so!" as we used to imagine their cry, but bellowed "Hoxie's coming! Hoxie's coming! Scoot, scoot, scoot!"

I cannot vouch for that, but I do know that those frogs did sometimes eat snakes.

A TALL ONE FROM THE NORTH WOODS

A READER who lives in the Adirondack region of New York comes to the rescue of that part of the country, lest its reputation for producing "tall stories" should suffer from neglect.

She writes that a certain Mr. M—once lived on the shores of an Adirondack lake. He was the fortunate owner of a water-proof boat of rubber, of which he was very proud. One night just as he was going to bed a neighbor rushed in and said one of his family was very sick. He begged Mr. M—to take him to the village for the doctor. Mr. M—consented, and he and his friend hurried down to the dock, stepped into the boat and began to row. They had not gone far before both men found they had to bend every effort to force the boat ahead. At last, pretty well exhausted, they reached the village, and both men stepped out. Immediately the boat snapped back to the home dock three miles away. Mr. M—had forgotten to untie the boat before starting out.

MR. SHAW'S INVITATION

THE journalist who can get an interview with Mr. George Bernard Shaw may consider himself lucky, says the Tatler, for the dramatist has the greatest dislike to being interviewed.

Some time ago a certain young journalist wrote to Mr. Shaw asking for an appointment, and to his great delight, after waiting for some days, he received the following reply late in the afternoon: "Certainly. Drop in and dine with me tonight.—George Bernard Shaw."

The journalist was congratulating himself on his luck when, happening to glance at the envelope, he found to his dismay that the stamp bore the postmark of a remote little town on the Continent. Mr. Shaw had been joking again.

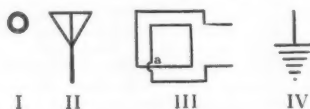
The Make - It and Do - It Pages

RADIO symbols are as ingenious as the alphabet and much more easy to learn. A single reading of this article will make clear their meaning and use and will show how mistaken is the too popular idea that a diagram, or hook-up, made of radio symbols is harder to understand than a picture drawing. In addition it will give lots of useful information about the things for which the symbols stand.

Each individual symbol, like I or II or any of the others, represents a whole class of devices, just as the word "automobile" represents a whole class of vehicles. A radio set made up of instruments designed by one manufacturer may look entirely different from a set made of instruments of another manufacturer, even though it embodies the same circuit and principles. Picture drawings of the two sets would emphasize the difference in appearance, which is immaterial; diagrams would call attention to the similarity of the circuits. A picture drawing is good to show the arrangement of the instruments in a particular set, but a diagram explains far more clearly how the instruments are wired together. Furthermore, a diagram is much more simple to make than a picture drawing (compare VI B and VI C, which are respectively diagram and drawing of the same instrument—a variable condenser), as you will readily appreciate the first time that you try to explain to a neighbor just how your own radio receiver is hooked up.

There are minor differences in the symbols made by different draftsmen, just as there are differences in handwriting, but these differences are never sufficient to conceal the meaning of the symbol.

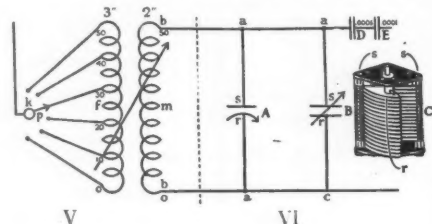
I is the symbol for a binding post. Instru-



ments such as variometers and transformers are usually supplied with binding posts by which they may be connected into a set, but these binding posts are not shown in the symbols for the instruments. The symbol I commonly appears in diagrams only to mark the point where an antenna, ground or battery lead is to be connected.

Wires, regardless of their description, are indicated by single lines. Regarding wire, it is worth while to know that it is graded by a gauge number. No. 22 wire, the size most commonly used in inductance (tuning) coils, has a diameter of .02535 inches; No. 24, of .0210; No. 36, of .005; and No. 12, of .08081. These figures are given as examples and to show that the smaller the gauge number the greater is the diameter of the wire. The letters s.c.c., d.c.c., s.s.c., and d.s.c., which are often used to describe wire, indicate, respectively, single-cotton-covered, double-cotton-covered, single-silk-covered and double-silk-covered.

Where wires cross without touching they are drawn as at III a. Where wires connect with an instrument, by means of a binding post or in any other way, they are shown



simply as touching the instrument, as at V b; but where they are connected at some other point the connection is best indicated by a dot, as at VI a a. However, if a diagram shows two wires touching, but not marked with a dot, as at VI c, you may know that a connection is intended.

Antennas, which are sometimes called aërials, and which consist of the wire or wires that pick up the signals (programme) heard by a receiver, are shown by II.

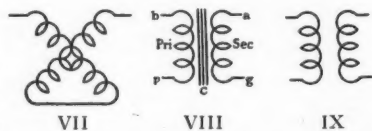
A loop antenna, or aërial, consists of several turns of wire wound on a vertical frame.



RADIO INSTRUMENTS AND SYMBOLS

Both ends of a loop are ordinarily connected to the receiving set (one to the antenna post and one to the ground post), and no other antenna or ground connection is ordinarily used. Only one end of an ordinary antenna is connected to the set.

IV represents a ground connection, which may consist of a wire or pipe or metal plate



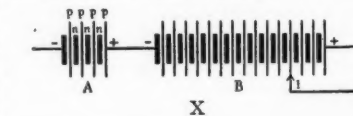
actually buried in the ground or of a connection to a pipe that eventually enters the ground or that offers such a large metal surface that it serves the purpose that an actual connection with the ground would serve.

At V is shown a variocoupler. V f, the primary, or fixed (stator), coil of fifty turns, is wound on three-inch tubing, as shown by the figure at the upper end; tapped at both ends and at the tenth, twentieth, thirtieth and fortieth turns, as shown by the other figures, and controlled by a revolving switch, the knob of which is shown by V k, and the arm, which moves over six switch points that are represented by six dots, by the arrow V p. V m is the secondary, or movable (rotor), coil, of fifty turns of wire on two-inch tubing, connected at either end to two variable condensers, VI A and VI B. The figures are given in this diagram to show that a symbol is made specific instead of general if it is necessary that it should be specific. The arrow connecting V f and V m shows that the coil at the end where its head lies is movable. The arrow does not represent an actual wire connection. When two coils are separated by a gap like that shown there is no actual connection between them.

Inductance tuning coils of all sorts are represented by coils similar to V f and V m. The number of loops in the symbol does not show the number of turns of wire in the coil, but where large and small coils are shown in the same diagram the symbol for one will contain more loops than the symbol for the other. The fact that the loops are back to back or face to face usually means nothing.

Ordinary coils consisting of single layers of wire wound on tubes or balls, or of basket-weave, spider-web, low-loss or honeycomb coils assembled in sets, make up variocouplers. Where one coil slides in and out of the other the instrument is more often known as a loose coupler or receiving transformer. An arrow touching one of the loops in the symbol indicates a slider or other

connection that can be moved from turn to turn of wire on the coil. Where the two coils of the symbol cross, as in VII, and one end of each is joined, the instrument is known as a variometer. Usually the stationary coil of such an instrument is called the primary and the movable coil the secondary, but the primary is always the coil where the energy comes in and the secondary that to which it is passed. When the movable coil of a variocoupler is used to cause regenerative action in a set it is called a tickler coil. When the two coils of a tuning instrument are mounted close together or parallel to each other the coupling is said to be tight; when some distance apart or at right angles, loose. When the coils of a variometer are at right angles to each other the instrument is tuned to the lowest wave length that it can reach; when parallel, to the highest.



VI D represents a fixed condenser of .0005 microfarads (m.f.) capacity, and VI E, one of .0001. Fixed condensers are often referred to as phone condensers, by-pass condensers or grid condensers, according to their place in the circuit. Variable condensers—sometimes called variable air condensers, because air is the insulating material between the plates—are shown by the symbols VI A or VI B. In each case s is all the fixed plates and r all the movable ones. The straight arrow points from the movable to the fixed plates. The heavy dot at VI B r represents the shaft on which the movable plates are mounted. VI C r is a picture drawing of VI A r or VI B r. The connection with the fixed plates in VI C is made at either of the s points. Ordinarily 43-plate condensers are of .0001 microfarads capacity; 23-plate, of .0005; 15-plate, of .0004, and 11-plate, of .00025. The capacity is measured when the movable plates are wholly interleaved between the fixed ones. When the movable plates are wholly outside, the capacity is about one tenth of the capacity in the other position.

When a condenser, or any other instrument, is connected like VI A with its terminals attached to the terminals of another instrument, as a of VI A are attached to b b of V m, it is said to be shunted across the instrument to which it is attached. Condensers VI A and VI B are in parallel; the total capacity of the two equals the sum of their capacities. Condensers VI D and VI E are in series, and their total capacity is less than the capacity of the smallest.

Audio-frequency transformers differ very widely in appearance, but the symbols

(VIII) are usually identical. The instrument consists of a primary coil of fine wire (Pri) wound over an iron core (c). Over this is wound a larger secondary coil (Sec). If the secondary coil contains three times as much wire as the primary, the instrument is said to have a ratio of 3:1; if ten times as much, 10:1. The letters p, b, g and a in VIII represent the usual markings of the terminals of audio-frequency transformers. IX represents a radio-frequency transformer. Most radio-frequency transformers have no core, or rather have a core of air. The coils of the instrument may be mounted in a case or simply wound on cardboard or bakelite tubes, one inside the other. Radio-frequency transformers designed for use in the intermediate stages of super-heterodyne receivers are called intermediate-frequency amplifiers.

Two batteries are shown at X. The short lines (n) represent the negative, or minus (-), elements and the long lines (p), the positive, or plus (+), elements. When radio symbols were first used each group of two lines was supposed to stand for a single 1.5-volt cell. Thus A is a 6-volt battery and B a 22.5-volt battery. The number of lines that it would take to represent a 90-volt battery is so great that the proper number of lines is now virtually never used in diagrams. Either a few lines are drawn and the voltage marked opposite them or properly marked binding posts are used to show battery connections. The arrow at X B 1 shows a connection that may be moved from one plus (+) binding post on battery B to another.

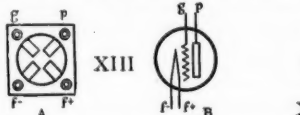
XI shows various sorts of resistances. XI a is a fixed resistance of the sort commonly known as a grid leak. If a designer of radio circuits wanted to show the sort of resistance that is used in a resistance coupled amplifier or the sort used in series with a rheostat to cut down the voltage from a battery, he would use the same symbol with a greater number of zig-zags. X b is a variable grid leak with a resistance varying between one and three megohms. The same symbol sometimes stands for a rheostat, but is not correctly used in that sense. XI c is a rheostat; XI d, a potentiometer. The zig-zags in the



symbol for a potentiometer are narrower than those in the symbol for a rheostat.

The symbol shown at XII is recognizable as a drawing of a radio headset. It is used not only to represent a headset of two telephones (phones) but sometimes also a single headset or a loud speaker or any other sort of reproducing unit. In place of the symbol XII it is now quite common to use the symbols for a pair of binding posts and to mark them "Horn or Tel."

XIII B represents a vacuum tube, otherwise known as a bulb or valve. The letters correspond with the letters on the standard vacuum tube socket: g stands for the grid of the tube, p for the plate, and f— and f+ for the connections to the filament. XIII A is really a picture drawing of a tube socket, but



it is often used in diagrams to represent both socket and tube.

Whether a crystal detector is used in a reflex circuit or a simple crystal-receiver circuit or is fixed or adjustable, the symbol is the same; that shown at XIV m represents the metal, or crystal, and c the contact, which, when it is movable, is sometimes called the catwhisker.

These are the principal common symbols. The less common ones are in many cases so nearly picture drawings that their meaning is quite clear. S.p.d.t. (single-pole double-throw) switches and d.p.s.t. (double-pole single-throw) switches and the others look like the actual instruments. Where jacks are used in diagrams every spring of each individual jack is drawn.

Things to Do Especially for Girls

THE UKULELE—The ukulele is a Hawaiian stringed instrument, smaller than the guitar, but very like it in shape and construction. Its invention is due to the fact that a Hawaiian king, Kalakaua, brought to the islands Portuguese workmen expert in various crafts. Among these men was Manuel Nunes who was a guitar maker and a repairer of Spanish and Portuguese musical instruments. Manuel Nunes invented the instrument that was especially adapted to the dreamy music of the Hawaiians.

The manner of playing the instrument—the gentle strumming and the rapid skipping of the fingers from one end of the instrument to the other—gave rise to the name, ukulele, the Hawaiian word for "bouncing flea."

The instrument is twenty-one inches long. The thickness of the body, decreasing slightly from the lower to the upper edge, is about two inches. The sound board measures from six to four inches. The lower part of the round sound hole, which is less than two inches in diameter, lies in the narrowest part of the sound board; the bridge, nearly two and a half inches long and half an inch wide, is attached to the sound board two inches from the lower edge of the instrument. The broad

neck bears twelve frets, which serve as guides in the stopping of the strings.

The price of the instrument varies from less than ten to about thirty dollars.

The ukulele can be tuned from the piano or from a ukulele pitch pipe, which gives the pitch of each string. Numbered from the outside as the instrument is held in position the strings are: first, *la*, or A above middle C on the piano; second, *mi*, or E above middle C; third, *do* or middle C; and fourth, *sol*, or G above middle C.

For the sake of greater brilliancy of tone, the same strings are often tuned a note higher; that is, from D, making the first string B, the second F-sharp, the third D, and the fourth A. The player should decide which tuning she prefers before she buys a pitch pipe. She should also be sure that she buys a pitch pipe that gives the "international pitch."

Though the ukulele is sometimes regarded as hardly more than a toy, it deserves serious consideration. It offers an opportunity to "try out" one's powers and also offers training in pitch. A few fortunate individuals have what is known as "absolute pitch," the ability to recognize notes when they are sung or played. The less fortunate must cultivate the ability: for a good ear is absolutely essential to the successful playing of stringed or of wind instruments. The place to begin such cultivation is with the note *la*, or A above middle C on the piano—the note that is given by the oboe, sometimes by the clarinet, for the tuning of all the instruments of the orchestra. This A will be found on the ukulele pitch pipe, whichever tuning is used. The method is to listen to that note until by repetition the sound can be heard in the mind and recognized anywhere. This note then serves as a point of departure for learning the other notes of the scale.



1. Head. 2. Pegs. 3. Keys. 4. Nut. 5. Neck. 6. Frets. 7. Strings. 8. Sound board. 9. Sound hole. 10. Bridge. 11. Body. 12. Touch strings within this area.

A COLUMBUS DAY PARTY—Columbus Day, October 12, is a good chance to have something different in the way of an October party. Since the discovery of America seems to have been associated with an egg, write your invitations on egg-shaped pieces



For the centerpiece

of cardboard, or on square pieces of paper, folded into boats and enclosed in envelopes, or on very thin strips of paper, folded tight and placed inside the boat.

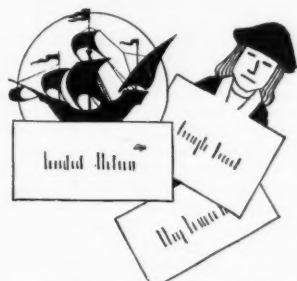
If you want to play up Spanish colors, use yellow paper and red ink for the invitations and carry out the yellow-and-red scheme in decorations and refreshments. Here are directions for some useful games:

Navigating to the New World. On a fresh sheet of heavy paper or muslin draw an outline map of the new world. Give each player a tiny ship, cut from paper and numbered, and ask him to pin it to the map on the spot where Columbus first landed. There are no names on the map. After each boat has been pinned to the map remove it and with a pencil note its number on the spot. When all the boats have reached harbor the number nearest the supposed correct spot wins.

Ocean Wave. One player stands in the center of a circle around which the other players sit about two feet apart. There is in the circle one extra chair that the players try to keep filled so that the centre player cannot get a seat. If the centre player calls "Shift right," the players must keep the chair on their right filled—that is, they continue to move to the right until the centre calls "Shift left." At this command they move to the left. If the group is moving to the right when the centre secures a seat, the person who has permitted him to get the seat on his right must go into the centre. The rule is reversed when the circle is moving left when the centre finds a chair.

Columbus. Have the guests write a story of Columbus or tell as much about him as they can remember. Let each player contribute at least one item of information.

It is quite easy to carry out the Spanish red-and-yellow color scheme in the refreshments. Egg sandwiches and tomato salad, vanilla or orange ice cream and red frosted cakes will answer well. Make the salad by using any simple filling in tomato cases topped with mayonnaise. On the red frosting of the cakes write "1492" or "C. C." in tiny yellow candies, or use red candies with yellow frosting. Another appropriate dish would be deviled eggs, but instead of cutting the eggs in half take enough off the big end to make them stand upright, as Columbus did when he used an egg to illustrate his point in talking with his men. Decorate the table by sailing three small boats in a little lake of water. For place cards use tiny boats cut



Cards you can make yourself

from heavy paper or cardboard, or a little folded paper boat. What would be more appropriate for favors than Isabella's jewels? Fill paper boxes or baskets with tiny colored gum drops.

The Department Editor

The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass., answers inquiries from subscribers about the contents of these pages.

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When the drying is complete the print can be made in a photographic printing frame in the ordinary way or, if no frame is at hand, by placing a sheet of glass over negative and paper and weighting it down at the ends. Fresh paper prints more slowly than paper that has been kept for some time, but it gives

a better print. The exposure takes anywhere from four to fifteen minutes in bright sunlight, depending upon the age of the paper and the height of the sun above the horizon. When the parts that will appear white in the finished print have become gray under the action of the sunlight remove the print from the frame and begin the washing, which should continue until the whites are clear. An under exposed print will be completely lost in the washing out; so, if you must err, let it be on the side of overexposure.

Most cloths and nearly any surface of paper that will absorb water can be sensitized, but if you are in doubt try the solution or a brushful of water upon a sample of the material. In sensitizing cloth hold it stretched in embroidery hoops and remember that such work will have a "wrong side." A mask or stencil is convenient to determine the shape of the sensitized area, but the solution may be applied like water colors if you keep the brush strokes parallel.

Many uses of the process suggest themselves. Place cards can be printed with the



The photographs are a part of the card. They are printed, not pasted on

portrait of the guest instead of his name; note paper can be decorated with a picture of your home, calendar leaves can bear pictures appropriate to the month superimposed directly over the figures; folder greeting cards can carry the portrait of the donor printed upon the blank leaf; and the framed blank space on any form of greeting or motto card can be filled with some appropriate snapshot. Pillow covers, pincushions, needle books and other cloth-covered objects can be decorated with pictures or white designs on a blue field made by cutting a pattern out of opaque paper and printing on the cloth in the usual way.

Things To Do Especially for Boys

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING—If wisely practiced cross-country running will develop in a boy a robust constitution. The somewhat common idea that a runner must "train down" or lose weight in cross-country running is false. On the other hand, a boy who is under weight should become heavier, if he will follow a moderate training programme and be reasonably careful in his diet. Briefly, a runner's diet is any wholesome food, with few sweets and no rich desserts.

The best time to practice cross-country running is late summer or fall. At that season there is less attention being given to the regular track events. If proper clothing is worn for protection from the cold, the running may be continued with beneficial results until snow falls. When the weather is mild a track suit or swimming suit may be worn; but light-weight, long underwear should be added when needed, and finally heavy underwear, gloves and even a cap when the weather is frosty. A sheet of paper put across the chest is a help when running against a cold wind. The more rugged boys, even though they do not feel the cold, will be less apt to have sore muscles if they wear extra clothing. There is no danger of boys' taking cold when running in cool weather if they go immediately into a warm place after finishing their run.

The best place to practice running is across fields or on dirt roads; if only hard roads are available, light-weight rubber-soled shoes must be worn. An old pair of running shoes can be made into fine cross-country shoes by removing the spikes and having rubber soles and heels attached. Protection is needed for the heels. Few boys should attempt to run a distance on the ball of the foot.

The distance generally used in junior cross-country running is three miles. It is best to start training by easy jogging for a short distance—not more than one mile the first day. That distance may well be divided into two or three sections of alternate running and walking. Each day the length of the runs may be increased, so that by the last of the second week of training, provided no sore muscles develop, the boys should be able to run the whole three miles at an easy pace without becoming exhausted.

From that time on until the time for a race the method of practicing should be changed somewhat in order to accustom the runners to a faster rate of running, which will be needed for the races. Three days of each week should be used for short runs at a fast pace, and the other three days for easy, slow runs of about three miles. The first fast running should not be more than one mile and for some boys perhaps not more than a half mile. Some one should hold a watch to help the runners learn the pace that they will use in races. One mile in five minutes is very fast time; some boys do well to run it in six minutes after two weeks of preparation. The running for the day after the first fast workout should be very light, because a short, fast pace is much more tiring than a long, leisurely jog. For example, if Monday is used for fast work, Wednesday may again be used for the same kind of work, with Thursday and Friday for jogging and Saturday for the fastest work of the week.

A training schedule similar to the above may be followed for the entire season, with variations to suit the strength and condition of each runner. It is necessary for every boy to use his own judgment about his condition. It is unwise to follow a fixed schedule, for it will sometimes call for tiring work when one is not feeling well. Many boys are inclined to show their courage by running in spite of painful feet or shins. That is neither courageous nor wise, because those apparently trivial injuries may become severe and force a boy to discontinue his running altogether.

Colleges, preparatory schools and athletic clubs have taken up cross-country running so generally that it is now a popular sport. Many track coaches, however, still have it largely because of the physical benefit their runners receive from it, to make them better quarter-milers or half-milers when the regular track season opens.

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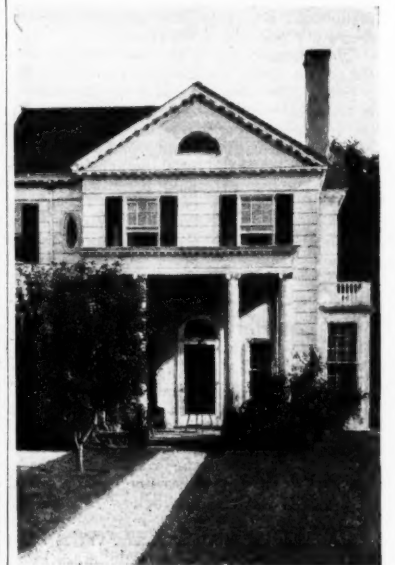
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Stamps to Stick



Serbia—Invert this medallion from the centre of the Serbian coronation stamps of 1904 and see the strange third face

Hidden Meanings—Imagination and art combine to make the designs of certain postage stamps appear to be not exactly what their creators intended them to be—or rather to make the designs, when looked at in other than their normal positions, convey ideas that were far from the minds of the artists at the time the original drawings were sketched. Countless instances may be cited of “discoveries” of so-called hidden meanings that undoubtedly are without any basis of fact, but are nevertheless amusing and add to the fascination of philately. A notable example is the design of the coronation issue, 1904, of Serbia. It shows two profiles—one of the late King Peter and one the Serbian dynasty's founder, Karageorge. When one of these stamps is turned upside down a hideous face is to be seen, and it has been alleged that this is significant of the death mask of the assassinated King Alexander.

Upon learning of this “discovery” the elderly engraver of the design, Eugene Mouchon, sent the following assurance to Serbia's minister in Paris: “My beard is

Britain and its colonies, published a series of articles recently in an American magazine, and he explained some of the complications of the engraving of the king's portrait suitably for use as a stamp die. “To design a postage stamp,” he said at one point, “was not an unmixed pleasure. Soon after the stamps came out the world seemed to be composed only of critics—critics among the artists, among the collectors, among my friends and of course among my enemies.” But Mr. Fuchs made no reference to a situation that interested philatelists—the “discovery” that hidden in the engraving of the Edwardian portrait is a “mystery lady,” a feminine figure who appears to be adjusting her hat. Both arms are upraised; the royal eyebrow represents the hat, the eye her head, the shading of profile and cheek outlines her body, and the moustache and the beard provide draperies. It is said that the freakishness of this design was pointed out to King Edward, who himself possessed a stamp collection.



Germany



Czecho-Slovakia

white, and I have seen sixty-two years of honor and uprightness; nobody among those who know me would like to think that I was capable of such baseness.” Thereafter the Serbian government ignored any implication that Mouchon had purposely sketched in a death mask of Alexander and conferred an official honor on the artist. But the story served to popularize the coronation stamps as perhaps no other incident might have done.

Emile Fuchs, the Austrian sculptor whose portrait of King Edward was used for the design of the Edwardian stamps of Great



Bavaria



Iceland



Ireland

portrait of Heinrich von Stephan, noted as the founder of the Universal Postal Union. The face bears a beard. A French critic “discovered” that with the removal of this beard there was disclosed the portrait of the former emperor, William Hohenzollern.

Collectors of course do not take seriously the stories circulated to the effect that various artists have purposely associated “hidden meanings” with their designs. More often the human mind and eye are overtaxed upon trying to confirm the “discoveries” through examination of the stamps.

Bolivia's Centenary—In August 1825, delegates from the various provinces of upper Peru, which until a few years prior to that was part of the Spanish vice-royalty of Peru, assembled at Chuquisaca, then their capital city, and voted in favor of becoming a “direct and independent nation” rather than remaining a part of Argentina. So was born a new nation, its name, Bolivia, assigned in honor of Simon Bolivar, the great liberator. A century has passed, and last August was issued in Bolivia a series of commemorative stamps in denominations of 1, 2, 5, 10, 15, 25 and 50 centavos and 1, 2 and 5 bolivars, each in three colors and engraved in London. Incidentally a leading American stamp firm has been approached with a proposition by a Bolivian who asserts that he controls the complete stocks of the 1-centavo and 2-centavo values and is prepared to dispose of them to stamp dealers. His offer was rejected.

Canal Zone Error—It is an event in philately when an unusual error in printing comes to light. Such a mistake has just been found—the 5-cent deep blue and black of the Canal Zone's series of 1909-10, containing the portrait that appears on the 2-cent vermilion and black stamp of the same set. So far as is known, only a single copy has been discovered. In recent weeks many thousands of the 5-cent stamps have been examined without another of the errors being uncovered. If no other is found, the existing one will be worth several thousand dollars. It is recognized of course that at least one entire sheet of the 5-cent with the wrong portrait must have been printed originally, but the mistake may have been discovered before the entire sheet was disposed of at post-office counters and thus perhaps the rest of the errors were destroyed.

Airposts—Denmark is the most recent land to enter the list of countries that issue air-mail stamps. Two values have been distributed, 10 øre, green, and 25 øre, red, the uniform design being a monoplane with its propeller startling two horses drawing a plough driven by a man. This set is under-



Danish airpost

stood to have been prompted by the inauguration of a “flying-machine” route from Copenhagen to Rotterdam by way of Hamburg, although other air-mail service has been operated from Danish cities in the past. Austria has issued another airplane series, with the values expressed in the terms of the currency system recently introduced—groschen and schillings. A pilot at the stick of an air machine is pictured on the 2 groschen, blue, 5 groschen, red, 6 groschen, deep blue, and 8 groschen, bright green. A pigeon flying over mountains is shown on the 10 groschen, orange, 15 groschen, purple, 30 groschen, deep violet, 50 groschen, gray, 1 schilling, deep blue, and 2 schillings, deep green.

The Department Editor

The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass., answers inquiries from subscribers about the contents of these pages.

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The Engine is designed for running toy machinery at a high rate of speed. These toys, such as machine shops, mills, forges, etc., can easily be made by the boys. They will thus enjoy both the making and the running of their plant. Power can be transmitted to the machine shop or mill through an attached pulley wheel, with a cord for a belt.



Runs Toy Machinery

BOYS, just think of the fun you can have running this Engine, and making toy machinery for it! There will be no dull times, even on stormy days, if you have a "Big Giant" in the house. When steam is up the "Big Giant" will develop horse power sufficient to run the Buzz Saw referred to on this page and many of the Meccano models, as well as the toy machinery you can make. The Engine will also supply steam for a shrill blast of the whistle whenever the engineer so desires. Besides the fun you can have in this way, you will learn many things about steam power and machinery that will help you later in life.

Description: The illustration does not show the full size of the Engine. It stands eleven inches high and is absolutely safe. It is an improvement over all other styles in that ordinary kerosene can be used as fuel, instead of alcohol. Can be run full speed continuously for ten hours at a cost of less than one cent. It has a safety valve, steam whistle and a finely fitted water gauge that will always indicate the exact amount of water in the boiler. It has a large balance wheel and other necessary parts to make it the most powerful Steam Engine for toy machinery now on the market. In addition to the many features described, the following important improvements have recently been added: The boiler is now made of heavy, polished brass; solid brass connections for the water gauge; brass whistle base and cast piston connection. The Engine is well finished, free from danger of explosion, and one of the most popular articles for boys offered.

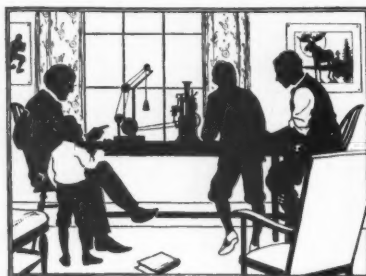
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The "Big Giant" is manufactured exclusively for Companion subscribers and can be obtained only from us. Value of Engine, \$2.75.



Buzz Saw Special Offer

THIS toy (not illustrated) is made of metal throughout, japanned in an attractive color, is strong and durable, and is operated by extending a cord from its pulley wheel to the pulley wheel of the Engine.

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The Youth's Companion • Boston, Mass.
8 Arlington Street

Things To Talk About

Right Here—This column is the place where editors and readers talk together. Sections signed with initials are by readers or contributors. Unsigned sections where you find that "we" does the talking are by the editors.

The Old Squire—My sister and I are teachers, and we and our pupils have been so interested in Mr. C. A. Stephens' stories of the old farm in Maine. We have read them, Molly's Baby, When Life Was Young, etc., etc. They often ask, and we have wondered too, of course, if these stories are true. Was there such a family and such a farm? Would it be possible for you to tell me if the Old Squire's farm really was near Portland, Maine? Where was it? We would just be delighted to see the place.—E. T. K.

We are very glad to tell you, as you request, something of the real life of Mr. C. A. Stephens. Mr. Stephens has written his biography so largely in his stories of the Old Home Farm that there would not be very much left for a biographical sketch, for the stories of the Old Home Farm are not inventions. The family is real, and all the stories have the closest connection with the truth of the family's history. Mr. Stephens and his cousins went back to live with their grandfather at the old home in Maine shortly after the close of the Civil War. Their parents had died, and the Old Squire undertook to bring up this large family of grandchildren. Of course the family itself has long ago grown up and passed out into the world. It may interest you to know the details.

Addison is a professor of zoölogy at Yale University. Halstead ran away from home, was lost sight of for a long time and finally died, somewhere, we believe, in the West. Theodora became a teacher in a mission school for girls in South Dakota and remained there for eight or ten years. She was later married and became a writer of stories of Indian life of more than ordinary merit. Ellen also married and went West, where she lived a long time in Dakota. She is dead. Little Wealthy, who is sometimes referred to in the stories, died of diphtheria in the second season that the young people were at the farm. The Old Squire reached the advanced age of ninety-nine years and five months. His wife, Grandmother Ruth, survived him by a year and a half and died a little after her ninety-seventh birthday.

Mr. Stephens himself, the last of the group, still lives at the old place in Maine and writes stories. He was born at Norway Lake, Maine, in 1847; graduated at Bowdoin College in 1869. Later he took a medical degree, but he never practiced. He began writing for The Youth's Companion in 1870, and how many stories he has poured out in the more than fifty years since then all of our readers know. Although, as the dates show, he is more than seventy years old, he is still most vigorous in body and mind and bids fair to continue to write for the paper for a good many years to come. His life during all that time has been interrupted by a great deal of traveling that he has done in the interests of The Companion to almost all points of the United States and to many points in foreign countries. He lives now at Norway Lake, Maine, on the old farm that his grandfather, the Old Squire, used to own.

Horse-Hair Snakes—In The Companion of June 25 I just read an article, No More Sense Than a Rabbit. The writer goes on to say that there is about as much truth in it as in the saying, "Horse hairs turn to horse snakes." This writer must not have grown up in the country as I did, for I can vouch for the horse-hair snake. I have seen many of them and saw them swim just like any other snake. I have caught them and stripped off a skin or covering that grows over the hair, and found the horse hair in perfect condition. I don't think they ever develop into a reptile of great size, as this is not nature's way of development in the snake family. They are hatched from eggs, as we have always known. But for the information of those who do not know, I can vouch for the live wiggling horse-hair snake.—J. A. W.

We are interested in your recent letter, especially since we had supposed that the mythical character of the horse-hair snakes was now generally admitted. We have had no experience ourselves on that point, but scientific observers who have gone into the matter are unanimous in saying that they have never been able to find any support for the tradition. Your letter, however, proves that certain other observers are still convinced that such changes do occur, and that is in itself an interesting thing. We thank you very cordially for your letter.

The Department Editor

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